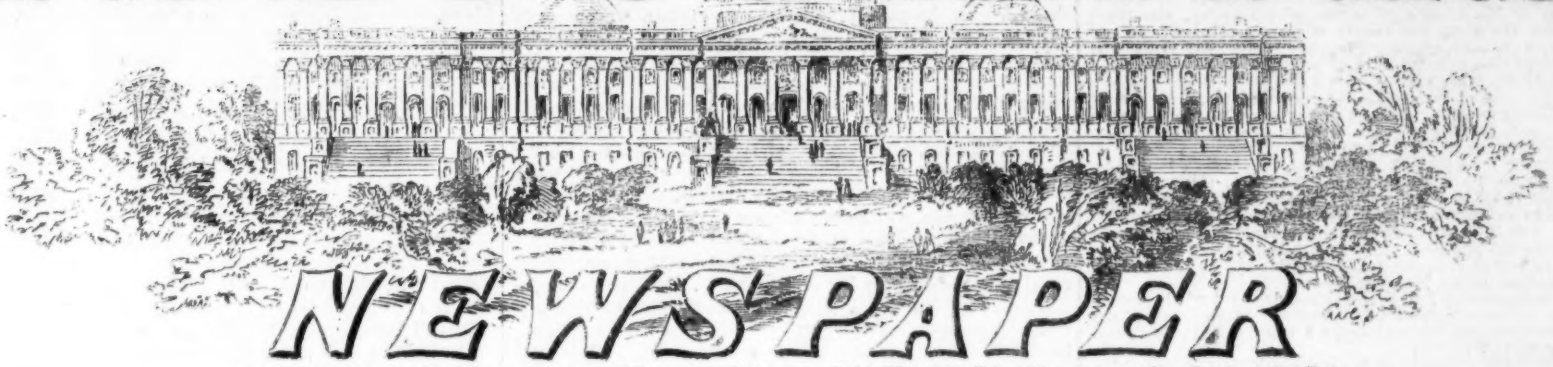


# FRANK LESLIE'S ILLUSTRATED

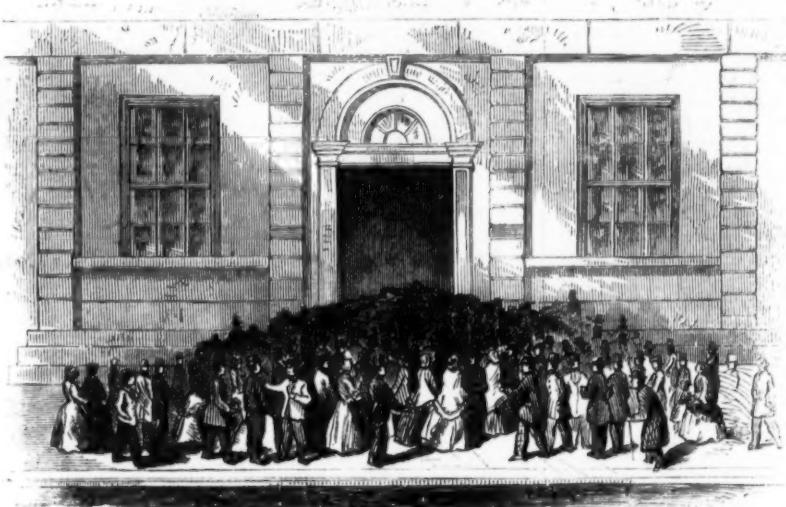


Entered according to the Act of Congress in the year 1861, by FRANK LESLIE, in the Clerk's Office of the District Court for the Southern District of New York.

No. 303.—Vol. XII.]

NEW YORK, SEPTEMBER 7, 1861.

[PRICE 6 CENTS.]



THE POPULAR LOAN—ENTRANCE TO THE ASSAY OFFICE, WALL STREET, NEW YORK.

## THE PEOPLE'S LOAN TO THE FEDERAL GOVERNMENT.

A DIRECT appeal from the Government to the people for money to carry the nation through a great crisis is a modern expedient; the earliest instance on a large scale being that of Louis Napoleon, a few years ago, when he found that the financiers wished to control his policy. When he announced his plan, the financial world smiled incredulously. The Emperor, however, understood his people best. The People's Loan was a wonderful success, and has done more to strengthen his Government than Magenta or Solferino. It has made

every lender interested in the permanency of his dynasty. Mr. Chase, therefore, judged the American people correctly when he made the following announcement:

OFFICE OF THE ASSISTANT TREASURER U. S.,  
New York, Aug. 26, 1861.

Institutions or individuals wishing to subscribe for the three years 7 3-10 per cent. United States Treasury Notes, can do so at this office, in the following way, and upon the following terms:

1. Payment must be made in gold at the time of subscribing. The amount to be paid is the principal of the notes desired, together with interest on the same at the rate of one cent per day on each \$50, from the 19th of August (the time fixed for the date of all the notes, and when interest upon them commences to run), up to the time when the gold is paid. Where the subscriber

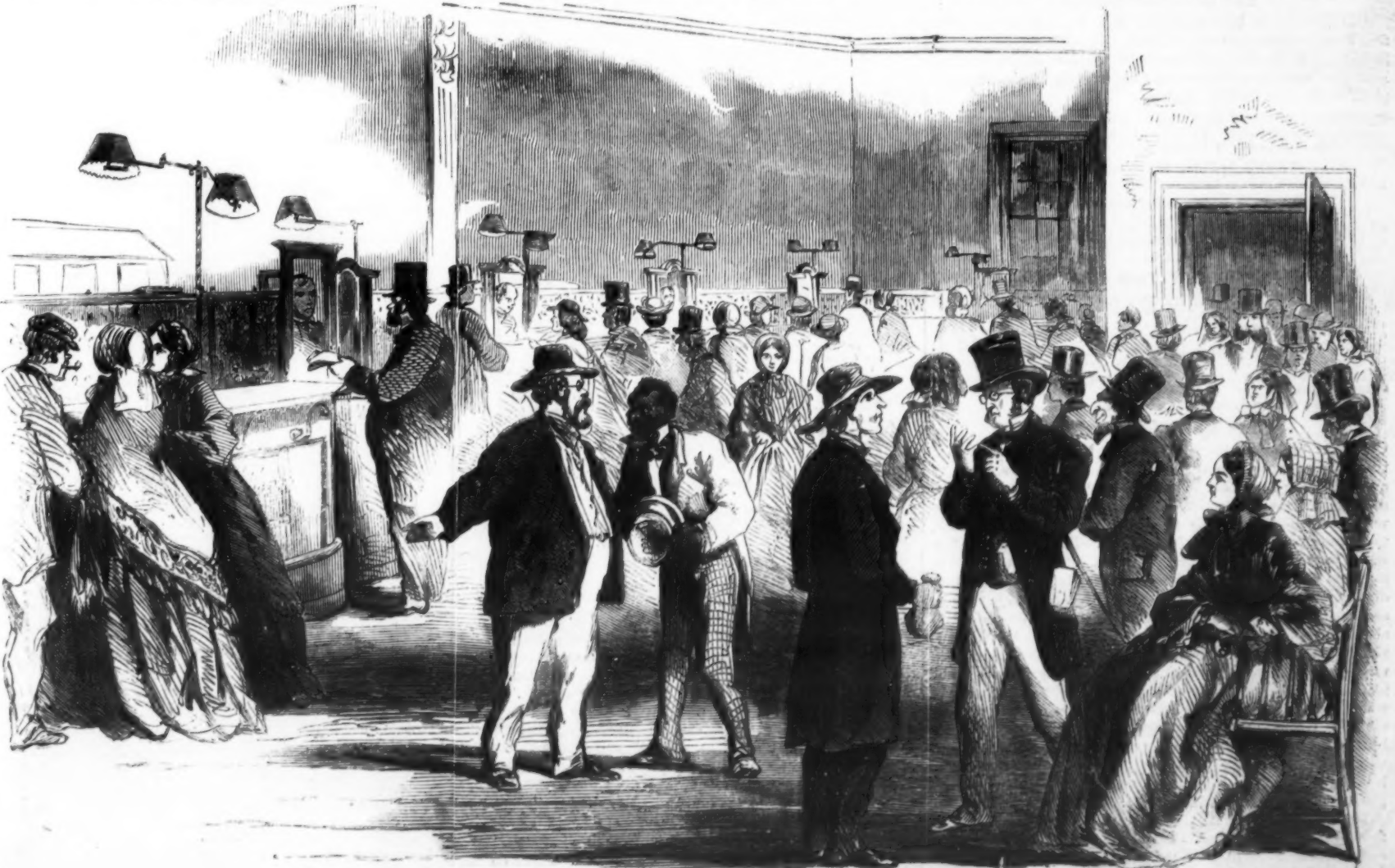
resides out of the city, and has no agent in New York, he may make payment by draft, payable here, in favor of John J. Cisco, Assistant Treasurer United States, which draft must be for the principal and interest as above, from the said 19th August up to the day of its collection.

2. Upon the receipt of payment, a certificate in duplicate will be given or sent, the original of which certificate must be forwarded to the Secretary of the Treasury at Washington, together with a letter specifying in what denominations the notes are desired. The denominations issued will be \$50, \$100, \$500, \$1,000 and \$5,000. The notes will then be sent from the Department in Washington to any address requested as soon as they are ready, which will in no case be earlier than the 10th of September. The duplicate certificate is to be retained by the party subscribing, as a voucher.

3. The notes will be made to the order of the party named in the certificate of deposit. They will have semi-annual coupons attached, payable when due



MR. CISCO'S ROOM IN THE ASSAY OFFICE, WALL STREET, NEW YORK.



THE POPULAR LOAN TO THE FEDERAL GOVERNMENT—SCENE IN THE MAIN ROOM OF THE ASSAY OFFICE, WALL STREET, NEW YORK.



at the Treasury at Washington, or at the office of any of the Assistant Treasurers of the United States. These coupons can be collected without the production of the notes themselves. The last coupon will be paid with the note.

4. These notes may be exchanged at any time before or at the maturity thereof for an equivalent amount of United States 6 per cent. bonds, having 20 years to run. This, however, can only be done when they are presented in sums not less than \$500.

JOHN J. CISCO,  
Assistant Treasurer United States.

Nobly have all classes responded to this semi-patriotic and semi-financial appeal, and the success will show that in all great emergencies a popular Government cannot do better than deal at once with the people. Our Artist, whose graphic sketches of the remarkable scenes at Mr. Cisco's office we publish to-day, was much impressed by the numerous variety of classes present. In one corner was an old lady, who dived into her bosom, and brought up an old socking, the hoarded gift of a long life of self-denial and labor; with fingers that trembled with a new emotion, she placed it in the hands of one of the clerks and received the official receipt for her glittering treasure. A short time afterwards, an old Jerseyman came, and, handing over his savings, seemed prouder than Quintus Curtius when he sprang into the fabulous abyss.

The plan is very simple: The applicant has merely to fill up a form of letter to the Secretary of the Treasury, stating that he incloses a certificate of deposit for such an amount, and requesting him to send to his address Treasury notes of whatever denomination he selects. This is placed in an official envelope, addressed to the Secretary, and the applicant himself sees to its being mailed. In the course of a week or so the mails will bring him an acknowledgment in the shape of the Treasury notes.

There is little question that in a very few days the whole amount required by the Government will be taken. Should any of our readers wish to deposit their savings, we quote the *Herald's* directions "How to do it."

"The Sub-Treasury Department, over which Mr. Cisco presides, is located at the corner of Nassau and Wall streets. Within the cool, deep shades of the granite building reigns that perfect order and quiet always associated with great financial transactions. If your business is with Mr. Cisco, you turn to your left, upon entering from Wall street, and find yourself in a handsomely furnished private office. Behind a low table sits Mr. Cisco, a pleasant, amiable gentleman, under whose excellent supervision the Department has been carried on for 15 years, without a single blunder or mistake, although there are many branches of art under his charge, in which correctness and infallibility is rather a matter of instinct than of education. In spite of his multifarious and onerous duties, you will find this gentleman ready to give you any information you may desire in regard to the popular loan."

#### Barnum's American Museum.

A LIVING HIPPOPOTAMUS, from the River Nile, the most wonderful animal ever exhibited in America, has just been added to the Museum, where he may be seen with all the other Novelties and Curiosities, and superb Dramatic Performances, every day at 3 and 7½ o'clock P. M. Admission to all only 25 cts. Children under ten, 15 cts.

#### Great National Work.

### FRANK LESLIE'S PICTORIAL HISTORY OF THE WAR OF 1861.

Edited by Hon. E. G. SQUIER, late U.S. Minister in Central America.

No. 6 of this magnificent work is now issued, containing a Record of Events, Incidents of the War, Official Documents, &c., up to the 15th of July. It contains TWENTY-EIGHT ENGRAVINGS of the actualities of the War, and an amount of reading matter equal to an ordinary duodecimo volume of 350 pages. Among other valuable matter, it contains a full account of General McClellan's brilliant campaign, in Western Virginia, with Illustrations taken by a Special Artist on the spot.

N.B.—The Public and the Trade are informed that the back Numbers have been reprinted, and full sets can now be supplied. Larger Editions are now printed, so that all orders can be promptly supplied in future.

The Maps and Engravings, many of them of mammoth size, in the six numbers already published, number

One Hundred and Seventy-four!

Price 25 cents per Number.

A Dollar sent to FRANK LESLIE, New York, will secure the first Four Numbers by return of Mail. The first Eight Numbers, including full Northern and Southern accounts of the Battle of Bull Run, with Maps, Illustrations and the Official Reports complete, will be sent for Two Dollars.

### FRANK LESLIE'S ILLUSTRATED NEWSPAPER.

FRANK LESLIE, Editor and Publisher.

NEW YORK, SEPTEMBER 7, 1861.

All Communications, Books for Review, &c., must be addressed to FRANK LESLIE, 19 City Hall Square, New York.

#### TERMS FOR THIS PAPER.

One Copy.....	17 weeks.....	\$ 1
One do.....	1 year.....	5
Two do.....	2 years.....	5
Or One Copy.....	1 year.....	5
Three do.....	1 year.....	5
Five do.....	1 year (to one address).....	\$10

And an extra Copy to the person sending a Club of Five. Every additional subscription, \$2.

#### The State of Kanawha.

CONTRARY to the best judgment of most, but in consonance with the wishes of many, the Western Virginia State Convention, by a vote of 50 to 28, passed an ordinance on the 20th of August, subject, however, to popular ratification, establishing 39 of the western counties of Virginia as an independent commonwealth, to be known as the State of Kanawha. These counties, all of which were represented in the Convention, lie to the westward of the main chain of the Alleghenies, embracing that anomalous district projecting up between the Ohio River and Pennsylvania, and known as the "Pan Handle," and extending downward to about latitude 37 deg. 20 min. Only unmistakable Union counties are embraced in the new State, although provision is made in the ordinance for receiving such other counties as may vote to be included. It should be promised that for various reasons, one of which was the exclusion of slaves under a certain age from taxation, free Western Virginia has several times attempted to sever her connection from Eastern or slaveholding Virginia. Once, if we mistake not, an act for separation came within one vote of being carried—John Letcher, the present rebel Governor of Virginia, supporting the measure.

The motives for separation, therefore, have not arisen altogether from present complications. They have nevertheless been patent and conclusive, viewed from the Western Virginian standpoint. In the first place, the counties composing the new State embrace a rich lumber, mineral and grazing district, in parts well adapted

for the cultivation of cereals. It nowhere produces the tropical or semi-tropical staples, for the successful cultivation of which servile labor is deemed requisite. The 39 counties composing the new State have a total population, according to the census of 1860, of 281,786 souls, of which less than 8,000 are slaves. The country is therefore, practically, a free country, and as such opposed to the Secession heresy. The total population of Virginia, under the census referred to, was 1,593,199, including 495,826 slaves, leaving a white population of 1,097,373. So that in losing the population of the new State, amounting to 281,986, Virginia is shorn of about one-fourth of her white inhabitants. It is well known that there are at least 20 other counties, embracing nearly the whole of Middle Virginia, or the valley of Virginia, which would attach themselves to the new State if circumstances enabled them to give a free expression of opinion. Indeed, more than half of Virginia is regarded as "Union" against "Secession." As it now stands organized (and in recognizing the new State we bow to the necessities of the case), the new commonwealth of Kanawha is one of the richest in resources of the whole Union, and in the decade between 1850 and 1860 increased more rapidly in population and wealth than any other equal extent of territory in the slave States. It abounds in minerals, coal, iron, salt and mineral oil, and with its agricultural resources possesses all the natural elements of wealth, besides the inestimable blessing of free labor. It cannot fail to become rich and powerful. It is, moreover, a region of rivers and mountains, amongst which Liberty loves to dwell, and where the strong right arms of men hew out the pillars which support the temple of Freedom.

The wisdom of the present movement, in a technical, perhaps in a political sense, fails to commend itself to the popular judgment. It, in some sort, recognizes the right of Secession, which the Government of the United States, anxious to conserve the forms of legality, rigidly denies. That Government at once accepted Governor Pierpont as the *de facto* and *de jure* Governor of Virginia, in place of John Letcher, on the ground that the latter had undertaken to perform acts not sanctioned by the letter or spirit of the Constitution and laws of the State, and had forfeited, in consequence, any claim on the loyalty of the commonwealth. It is no doubt sound policy in the Federal Government thus to recognize the action of the loyal men in the several States, as the nucleus for their reorganization. It is easy to see how every State, with the possible exception of South Carolina, might thus regularly, and with all the sanction of form, be brought back into the Union. With the advance of the Federal arms, the present suppressed Union sentiment in every State might find safe expression—all that is requisite to prove that Secession and its attendant ills are the work of conspirators, and of a traitorous minority.

The action of the State Convention of Virginia, therefore, cannot fail to be embarrassing to the programme of the Government for restoring the Union. But the results achieved are nevertheless such as would have followed on any plan of reorganizing the country. Neither in sympathy nor interest is Western Virginia allied to Eastern Virginia. The social organization of its people, their interests and sentiments, are different and irreconcilable, and a separation now only anticipates a result sure to follow in the course of time, and which probably the present is the best time for bringing about. The legal adviser of the Government, the Attorney-General, pronounces against the action of the Convention as "an original, independent act of revolution," and advises an adherence to legal formulas "as dictated by the plainest teachings of prudence." But the political Saurians who compose the *personnel* of the actual Government do not recognize the fact that we are in a state of revolution, earnest, downright and vital, involving not only the national integrity, but every principle of popular government, and that mere formulas will not save us. We must recognize, as the Wheeling Convention has done, the inexorable logic of facts. The Legislature assembled at Wheeling we had admitted to be the Legislature of Virginia—at any rate we have accepted United States Senators chosen by it as Senators of the United States duly elected. If that Legislature, therefore, approves the act of the Convention, and it is afterwards approved by Congress (and of the approval of both bodies there can be no doubt), then all the requirements of the Constitution as to the division and admission of States will be fulfilled. We welcome the State of Kanawha into the national galaxy! May her star be "fixed" and its light steady.

Those of our readers who are statistically inclined will find material for preservation in the following table, showing the population by counties (according to the census of 1860), of this new State of Kanawha:

Logan county.....	4,538	Barbour.....	8,959
Wyoming.....	2,865	Upshur.....	7,292
Raleigh.....	3,307	Harrison.....	15,790
Fayette.....	5,997	Lewis.....	7,999
Nicholas.....	4,624	Braxton.....	4,992
Webster.....	1,655	Clay.....	1,787
Randolph.....	4,990	Kanawha.....	14,575
Tucker.....	1,428	Boone.....	4,840
Preston.....	13,312	Wayne.....	6,747
Monongah.....	13,648	Cabell.....	8,020
Marion.....	12,721	Potomac.....	6,301
Taylor.....	7,463	Musco.....	9,175
Jackson.....	8,306	Wood.....	11,046
Rossmore.....	8,048	Pleasant.....	2,945
Cabot.....	8,602	Tyler.....	6,817
Wirt.....	3,711	Doddridge.....	5,203
Gilmer.....	3,759	Wetzel.....	6,703
Richmond.....	6,847	Marshall.....	13,601
Ohio.....	22,412	Hancock.....	4,445
Brooke.....	6,494		
Total population.....	281,786		

#### Kentucky.

Gov. MAGOFFIN, of Kentucky, has taken a first step towards precipitating that State into civil war. He has sent a committee of three to Washington "to protest against the violation of the neutrality of that State by the Federal Government." The alleged violation of the neutrality of Kentucky consists in the fact that the general Government has sent arms through the Eastern portion of the State to the Union men of Tennessee! Magoffin's committee is in Washington, and is said to consist of "two out-and-out Seceshers and one weak-kneed Union man." Of course they will report that the Government is "hostile" to Kentucky, wants to "subjugate" the State, &c., &c., whereupon Magoffin will re-enact the game of Jackson, of Missouri, and the result will be, we fear, the inauguration of civil war on the "dark and bloody ground" of Kentucky—the best and most chivalrous of the Slave States.

This measure of Magoffin, who ought to be arrested at once as a traitor, notoriously and double-dyed, is taken in anticipation of the meeting of the newly-elected Legislature of Kentucky, which is strongly Union. A meeting of sympathisers with Secession is called to meet within ten miles of the Capitol, on the day when the Legislature is to assemble. Its object is to overawe that body, if not to disperse it, and take possession of the seat of Government. We anticipate bad news from Kentucky, unless vigorous and prompt action is taken, and Magoffin and his associates anticipated by the general Government. Either Kentucky is in the Union, and bound to discharge her obligations to it, in every particular, or else she is in a state of practical, if not open, rebellion. We hope not a moment will be lost in arresting Magoffin, and vindicating the national authority.

#### The Battles of Bull Run and Alma.

THE English papers affect to treat the fight at Bull Run as an insignificant affair, in a military sense. Following the lead of Mr. Russell, who saw nothing of the fight, and when he wrote knew next to nothing of its details, they affirm that there was really no fighting, no charges either of infantry or cavalry, no batteries taken, none of the exploits usually incident to a well-contested engagement. Yet the loss on the Federal side—and on the rebel side it was proportionately as great or greater—shows that it was a bloodier action than that of the Alma, in the Crimea, where, according to their own account, the French and English performed such prodigies of valor, and fought with such terrible energy, that they have hitherto failed to find words strong enough to adequately describe the conflict. There were "desperate charges on Russian batteries, which mowed down rank on rank, and heaped the ground with dead;" "the struggle was fearful;" "devastating volleys from the Russian infantry, advantageously posted, swept the whole line of the advance, and decimated the regiments"—and yet the whole loss of the combined English and French army, in killed and wounded, in the "great battle of Alma," was only 3,242, out of 50,000; while the loss of the Federal troops in the "insignificant skirmish" at Bull Run, was upwards of 1,700 out of 18,000. In one case the loss was six per cent., and in the other ten per cent. of the numbers engaged. The affair at Bull Run was, therefore, nearly twice as severe as the "bloody and terrific battle of the Alma."

"FIZZLE."—This word, which we confess is not eminently classical, is yet the only one by which we can properly characterize the late order of Mr. Secretary of State Seward, touching passports. After having published to the world that no one can enter or leave the United States without a passport—the object being to head off the agents of the rebels in their communications with Europe—our rhetorical Secretary, who deluded himself with the notion that treason and armed rebellion could be put down by a round of well-turned sentences, publishes another order, excepting travel between the United States and Canada from the effect of the first regulation. We can understand the explanatory order only as a delicate way of informing the rebels how they may keep up their correspondence with Europe—by way of Canada—with impunity. When Mr. Lincoln makes up his mind to dispense with Cameron and Wells, he had better do so: exclude radically, and include Mr. Seward among the *disjecta*.

REBEL LOSS AT BULL RUN.—We are gradually getting at the facts in relation to the rebel loss at Bull Run, notwithstanding the reticence of the insurgent generals. The *Augusta (Ga.) Sentinel* gives an official report of the killed, wounded and missing in the 4th Alabama regiment, the whole amounting to 189. As the Union army took but few prisoners, nearly all of these must come under the head of "killed and wounded." This regiment was opposed to the 2d Rhode Island. The Southern papers have already mentioned 42 of their regiments as having participated in the action, and as having suffered greater or less loss. Assuming each regiment to have had 700 men, instead of 964, the full complement, this gives 28,400 men, apart from the cavalry, artillery, &c., and Johnston's reserves, at least 20,000 more. The total Union force engaged was rather less than more than 18,000. The rebel force could hardly have been less than 50,000. At Wilson's Creek they were 24,000 to 50,000, and beaten at that.

WHITE FLAGS.—While the rebel sympathizers in Connecticut and elsewhere are raising white flags, the symbol of peace, when there can be no peace without dishonor, the loyal men of Tennessee are obliged to fly from their homes because they refuse to raise white flags, the emblems of submission and disgrace; 214 of them recently fled from East Tennessee in the night, travelling on foot upwards of 100 miles to Danville in Kentucky. When they got there many were barefoot and with their scanty clothing in rags. The hospitable people of Danville fed them and aided them in every way, when one of their number, an old man, made a brief speech, and said that they had left their property, their wives and children, their homes, everything, and fled through the mountains to old Kentucky, to escape the Secession patrols, who were exacting obediences to the authorities of the Confederate States. They might have all remained at home, lived well and been unmolested, by merely raising a "white flag." "But," said the old man, pointing to the flag that waved hard by, "for sixty years I have looked up to those 'Stars and Stripes,' and, if the Lord lets me, I intend to look up to them six years longer." There is a moral in this movement for Northern traitors to profit by.

THE NEW LOAN.—The success which has attended the new loan is the most extraordinary in the history of financial affairs. Already, even before the notes are ready, thirty-seven hundred applications have been made for it. From the millionaire down to the servant girl and the old woman with her "stocking of gold," the applicants are thronging by hundreds to the Sub-Treasury. The Attorney-General of the United States has decided that the new loan is not property which can be taxed by State or local authorities.

WILLIAM RUSSELL, LL.D., &c., &c.—This gentleman was the last of the many outsiders to go to Bull Run, and among the first to leave. The editor of the *Chicago Tribune*, who accompanied him on his return to Washington from Centerville, on the evening of the action, pronounces all the statements of Mr. Russell, as to what happened to him on the way, and as to what he said and did, as absolutely untrue. He says:

"We faced train after train going out with supplies, without guard, and without suspicion that the army was beaten and in flight. The defeat was not known to any on the road, not even to Mr. Russell, who informed us that our army would fall back and encamp for the night, only to renew the battle the next day."

A correspondent of the *Providence Journal*, who was in the action, sustains all that is asserted by the *Chicago* editor. He completely upsets all that the free fancy of Mr. Russell has committed to print about the "roar of the fight" which he heard behind him. Says this correspondent:

"Mr. Russell, according to his own account, was in Washington at 11 P.M. of Sunday, about the hour when our regiments and many others camped in the vicinity of Centerville, having regaled our quarters, were lighting fires, drying our clothes, or talking over the prospect of a renewed attack on Manassas next day. Many of us lay down to sleep from which we woke, more astonished than Mr. Russell himself, at the idea of continuing our retreat to Washington; but the order came from headquarters, and we obeyed. Of this, or of the good order preserved by several regiments, including ours, all the way from the battle field to Cab Run, and again resumed after three or four miles, Mr. Russell says nothing—he did not see it—he wasn't there."

Nothing is more certain than that the whole story of Mr. Russell's experiences and sayings and doings, on his way back from Bull Run, as printed in the *London Times*, is a tissue of falsehood.

SOUTHERN ESPIONAGE.—For months after certain of the Southern States were in open rebellion, the Government continued to afford them mail facilities, and "footed the bill." Finally, it "shut down" on the rebels, but winked at the evasion of the postal laws by Express and Transportation Com-



panies, which carried on a lively trade in the exchange of letters North and South. The Postmaster-General has now put a stop to this. The game was that known as "Hounds I win, tails you lose!" for the rebels supervised all letters coming North, while we allowed all those going South to pass unchallenged. Of course the few Secession papers North, which have not yet been "cleaned out," will deny this, and for their benefit we clip the following from the *Mobile (Tenn.) Advertiser* of the 12th:

"We learn that instructions have been received at the Express Agency here that a supervision of letters is deemed necessary. This is done in pursuance of an order from Major-General Polk, and Major Forsyth has accordingly appointed Dr. R. Miller supervisor of letters from this city. Parties wishing to send letters out of the Confederate States, will therefore have them endorsed by him before they can be sent forward. Of course letters presented to Dr. Miller must be unsealed, so that they can be examined and certified to understandingly."

**THE SEAT OF WAR.**—The Cotton States, which precipitated the country into civil war, have adroitly transferred the battle-field from their own soil to that of Virginia and Missouri—States in which the Union sentiment is either strong or predominant. It should be the policy of the Government to "carry the war into Africa"—in other words, to visit its horrors on the heads of those who provoked it, in South Carolina, Georgia and Louisiana. A floating column of 10,000 men, with transports at their command, could make a descent on almost any point on the Southern coast they might select as most vulnerable, and by recalling the rebel forces for local defence, prevent the banking up of the regiments on the line of the Potomac and in Missouri.

**A CHANGE REQUIRED.**—No single act in the power of the President to perform would go so far to inspire the country with confidence, fill up the ranks of the army, and strengthen our finances, as the prompt dismissal of Messrs. Cameron and Welles from the Departments of War and the Navy. They have been tried and found wanting, and in times like the present we must have men in all responsible public positions, in whom the people have faith. Could the army of the Potomac have been reorganized and its morale restored by General McDowell? Probably not. A change became necessary, and McClellan, who enjoys public confidence, was called to the Capitol. We know the result. A corresponding one would follow the substitution of General Banks for Cameron as Secretary of War, and almost any live man of this generation for the magnificent venerable flowing beard that droops over the Navy Department, like moss from a decayed hemlock.

**ONE OF THE worst signs** about the South is the depravity and brutality of their women. We hear on all hands how they take advantage of their privilege and insult our prisoners. Surgeon Stewart, of the First Minnesota regiment, concludes a history of his sufferings in these words:

"I would here say, in the spirit of aw-riding sheer justice even to enemies and traitors, that the officers of the enemy who visited us at the church, all treated us well and considerately; and I may say the same of all their officials, the military, with whom we came in contact everywhere, saving and excepting the senior official before mentioned, who was superintending the collection of the wounded on the battle-field, and excepting also the lower state of their mob, and the women of all ranks."

As Dickens once said of a bad woman, "There is nothing human about her but her hopes."

#### THE NEW YORK TIMES, of the 1st September, says:

"Lacking, as we do, that system by which the Ministry of England is held to a direct and minute accountability, the only way in which we can know of governmental mismanagement is by the vague but unmistakable indications which grow out of its great excess."

There is a growing conviction in the public mind that every member of our Cabinet ought to be in Congress. Had this been the case the present gigantic conspiracy never could have been consummated, for not even the Virginia brass of a Floyd could have stood before the fire of questioning which would have greeted him every night in Congress. As the matter now stands, our corrupt ministers can retire for four years behind their official entrenchments, and in this rapid age four years are ample to ruin not only a world, but a solar system.

We have in another paragraph alluded to the wonderful imagination displayed in John Bull Russell's Bull Run romance. We trust we have done it with sufficient good temper to win his Celtic regard. As a set-off to our previous remarks, we beg to quote the following very remarkable paragraph in his still later letter of the 29th of July:

"There is scarcely a department, high or low, of the public service of the United States in which there is not 'treason'—I mean the aiding and abetting the enemy by information and advice. It is openly talked in society—its work is evident on all sides. I went into the private department of the Post Office the other day and found there a gentleman busily engaged in sorting letters at a desk. The last time I met him was at dinner with the Commissioners of the Confederate States at Washington, and I was rather surprised to see him now in the sanctum of the Post-office, within a few feet of Mr. Blair, of the *sangre azul* of Abolitionism. Said he, 'I am just looking over the letters here to pick out some for our Southern friends, and I forward them to their owners as I find them'; and if the excellent and acute gentleman did not also forward any little scraps of news he could collect, I am in error. Again, a series of maps prepared with great care by Gen. McDowell's staff are given out to be photographed; and are so scarce that superior officers cannot get them. Nevertheless, one is found in the tent of a Confederate officer, in the advance of Fairfax Court-house, which must have been sent to him as soon as it was ready."

Mr. Russell is now at Washington—he should be asked to point out this friend of the Confederates who forwards the mail to Southern traitors, who sits within a few feet of Mr. Montgomery Blair, and of whom Mr. Russell has so very peculiar an opinion. If Mr. Jeff. Davis has the appointment of clerks in Mr. Blair's office, we suggest it is only fair that Mr. Cameron should appoint Jeff. Davis's generals.

#### DOMESTIC ITEMS.

THE Committee raised by Congress to inquire into the extent of treason in the several departments of the Government have reported the number of disloyal employees as follows, nearly all of which have been removed: State Department, 3; Treasury Department, 67; War Department, 34; Navy Department, 13; Post-office Department, 23; Interior Department, 32; Attorney-General's Department, 16. Total, 168.

The following is a comparative statement of the exports, exclusive of specie, from the port of New York to foreign ports for the week and since January 1st:

	1860.	1861.	1861.
For the week.....	\$1,245,531	\$2,021,462	\$2,275,168
Previously reported.....	41,660,844	56,672,056	81,767,273

Since January 1st..... \$42,898,875 \$58,193,458 \$83,991,431

The Boston *Traveler* has a letter from Salisbury, N. C., which states that four members to the United States Congress have been elected in that State. The writer says that the people of North Carolina are fast throwing off the Secession yoke, and that they will soon be sufficiently strong to announce without fear their determination to take a stand for the Stars and Stripes. There is a Union League throughout the State, which embraces many thousands of loyal men, and to them is attributed the reaction which is now taking place.

BRIG. GEN. YATES, commanding the New York Depot of Volunteers, has issued the following order. It will be seen from it that the day of tailors, engravers and mechanics assuming command, and becoming officers, has passed:

GENERAL ORDER—NO. 3.  
STATE OF NEW YORK, DEPOT OF VOLUNTEERS,  
New York, August 28, 1861.

Persons designated for company officers will be required to present themselves for examination within ten days from the time they are so designated in all cases where they have not been previously examined. If they do not so present themselves a new election will be made. The examiners will be at the Depot daily at ten o'clock A.M. By order of CHAS. YATES, Brig.-Gen. Commanding S. Department.

THOS. ALLOCK, Acting Assistant Adjutant-General.

The recent attempt to get up a Peace Meeting in New Jersey, on the 29th of August, was an amusing failure. Mr. English, whose patriotism it seems has evaporated in Indian and Revolutionary ballads, had to wrap himself up in the American flag and entrench himself in a cellar; at all events the enemy's cannon were spiked, and Mr. Busted ("Richard's himself again") made a strong Union speech—so much for Peace and Secession in the Jersey.

It appears that Col. Tyler's Seventh regiment of Ohio had two skirmishes with rebels at Cross Lane. The first was on the 21st ult., a skirmish in which only 14 men were engaged. The second was on the 26th, when 16 were killed and 40 wounded. On the first affair the Cleveland *Plaindealer* says:

"Intelligence has been received of a disastrous skirmish in which 14 men from Company K., National Guard, 7th regiment, under Captain Echute, were engaged on the 21st inst., near Cross Lane, Virginia. They were surprised by the Richmond Blues, who killed private John Reife and John Schoenauer, wounded and took prisoners the Captain himself, Sergeant Boim, and private Henry Taubel, George Weissenbeck and F. Bruckemeln. Corporal Greble,

George Drusel, Lewis Demil and Andrew Malcher were also wounded, but not severely, and made their escape. Capt. Echute is said to be mortally wounded."

THE "happy family" in Fort Lafayette is becoming quite large—every day we see

One more Secessionist  
Caught in the net,  
And by talking rash treason  
Gone to Fort Lafayette—  
Lock them up tenderly,  
Watch them with care—  
From Patrick, the banker,  
To Barrett, the Mayor.

THE Fifty-fifth Regiment N. Y. S. M., Colonel R. de Trobriand, consisting of 550 men, took leave of their campment at New Dorp on the 31st ult., and embarked shortly after three P. M. direct for Amboy. They go to Washington, where their ranks will be recruited from this city.

ANOTHER gentleman has taken up his residence in Fort Lafayette—Lieutenant W. H. Ward, formerly of the frigate *Macedonian*, who several weeks ago resigned his position. On his arrival at this port, on board the storeship *Relief*, he was taken into custody by order of the War Department.

It is semi-officially given out that the Administration will not close the rebel ports, as authorized by Congress, but will rely entirely upon the blockade, which will be made sufficiently efficient to silence all scruples on the part of foreign powers.

MAJOR-GENERAL HUNTER, U. S. A., left this city on the 2d Sept. to assume command of the Illinois forces. He is accompanied by his nephew, Lieutenant Samuel W. Stockton, of the 2d Cavalry, and other members of his staff. General Hunter has so far recovered from his wounds that he is fully able to take the field, and, with the overwhelming forces placed under his command, we may expect again to "hear from Hunter's column on the right" before many weeks.

SEVEN gunboats of the Western rivers have already been commenced, four at Carondelet, near St. Louis, and three at Mound City, on the Ohio, near Cairo. The designs are furnished by Mr. Pook, naval constructor; the boats will be built of iron. They are intended to be ready for delivery at Cairo on the 5th of October. The dimensions will be as follows: Length, 175 feet; breadth of beam, 51½ feet; depth of hold, six feet. Each boat will mount sixteen heavy guns, carry a suitable number of men to work them, and draw not more than six feet of water. The hull, all the upper portion of the boat enclosing the machinery, will be plated with iron two and a half inches in thickness. The cost of each boat when completed will be \$89,000.

#### SOUTHERN ITEMS.

THE Governor of Tennessee, Isham G. Harris, has issued an order to the clerks of the County Courts of that State, instructing them to require the constables under them to make "diligent inquiry at each house in his district for all muskets, bayonets, rifles, swords, &c., and forward them to the military authorities at Knoxville, Nashville and Memphis. A reward of one dollar is to be paid for each weapon thus collected, whence it is to be inferred that weapons of war are not over-abundant in that part of Secession over which Harris is Governor.

THE French part of the New Orleans *Bee* opposes the purchasing of the cotton crop by Confederate shipbuilders, and shows conclusively that the scheme will prove a failure.

THE surrender of Fort Fillmore, in Arizona, to the Texan Secessionists, according to the *Mercurio Times*, proves to have been a most disgraceful and cowardly, if not criminally dishonest proceeding. It is stated that eleven companies of United States troops, mounted and foot, mustering 700 effective men, surrendered to 280 Confederates four pieces of cannon, army equipments, 200 cavalry horses, mules and wagons, and 270 head of beef cattle.

FROM Missouri we learn that a large body of rebels, estimated variously from 2,500 to 3,000, under the notorious Martin Green, have taken possession of the coast of Georgia. A train of cars, with arms for the Union troops, was fired into, near Palmyra, and forced to return, though no damage was done.

THE latest news from New Mexico is per Santa Fe Express, bringing \$20,000 in gold dust. The 760 United States troops that surrendered to the Texans have been released on parole, the Texans retaining the horses of the cavalry and the arms of the infantry. Col. Canby had arrested Gen. Wm. Felham and Col. Clemens at Santa Fe, they being suspected of furnishing information to the Texan troops below El Paso. Col. Clemens took the oath of allegiance and was discharged, but Gen. Felham refused. Col. Canby had suspended the writ of *habeas corpus* in the Territory, and abandoned and burnt Fort Stanton.

By the arrival of the mail steamer *Matanzas* we have news from Matanzas. The British schooner *Agathar* had run the blockade off Newbern, arrived on the 12th, and sailed for Charleston on the 25th. The sloop *Nonak*, with the Secession flag flying, is also reported arrived, having run the Charleston blockade with the Secession flag flying.

NEWS from Fort Pickens has been received by the storeship *Release*, Commander Fraile, which left Ross Island on the 2d inst. She has experienced very heavy weather. She left the Colorado and Niagara at Plover and the bark *W. H. Wall* and schooner *Joseph M. Lane*. At Key West she left the *Macedonian*, *Preble* and *Crusader*. The Release brings as passengers, First-Lieut. Wm. M. Graham, U. S. A., from Fort Jefferson, and Mr. W. H. Ward.

THE Savannah *Republican* of the 19th ult. says: "Within a week from to-day no Federal fleet will be able to enter a harbor or in, or effect a landing of troops on the coast of Georgia. Month after month elapses and the State, with all the boasting of its chief executive officer, and with over a million in his hands for the purpose, did absolutely nothing for our protection. The Confederate authorities, to whom the matter has been turned over, have recently been industriously at work, and the fortifications all along the coast are nearly complete."

THE Tallahassee *Floridian* says: "On Wednesday the U. S. steamer *Mohawk* brought the sloop *Sloat*, lately captured by her, up to the outer buoy below St. Marks, where the crew of the steamer scuttled the sloop and sank her across the channel, first having cut her deck in pieces with axes. The steamer then went out again to her old anchoring place. A boat from Fort Williams went to the sloop and succeeded in getting off her rigging and some other articles. The place where the sloop was sunk is four miles and a half from Fort Williams, out of reach of the guns." The channel at the mouth of the St. Marks is very narrow, so that the sinking of a hull in it will effectually obstruct the passage of vessels into that port.

A CORRESPONDENT of the Boston *Traveler*, from Salisbury, N. C., under date of August 8, says: "Your readers will probably have heard, before this reaches you, of the successful movement by which several Union Congressmen have been elected from North Carolina. Four members are known to be elected, and returns are looked for showing the election of others. The voting was done upon the regular day prescribed by statute—the first Thursday in August—and was conducted in due form and manner. There, of course, suggests the non-publication of names at present; for, although safe enough among their friends at home, the gentlemen might be subjected to annoyance or arrest in passing through Tennessee or Virginia to Washington."

THE official vote on the question of ratifying the new Constitution of Georgia foots up as follows: For ratification, 11,497; against ratification, 10,637; majority, 860. From nine counties there are no returns, and in others only one or two precincts voted.

THERE is a report that the Southern chivalry, with its usual magnanimity, has succeeded in terrifying Parson Brownlow into becoming a rebel. The first threat was to hang him. This he laughed to scorn; but the villains then swore they would murder his daughter; this reached his heart, and the bloodthirsty fiends gained their unwilling victim. History has no parallel to the crimes which have engendered and sustained this infamous rebellion.

MR. EDMONDSON, of Springfield, Mo., had his horse taken from him by the rebels, and its value nominally handed to him in Confederate scrip. Upon his application to General Price, the horse was returned, and he handed back the scrip. "Never mind," said the officer, "it isn't worth a damn, anyhow."

SECESSION letters say that Governor Harris, of Tennessee, has called for 30,000 more men, and they are rapidly coming in. The design is to subjugate Eastern Tennessee and drive the National troops out of Western Virginia.

#### WAR ITEMS.

THE assurance from Washington now is that the Government has determined to organize the Union men of Kentucky, and put that State on a war footing. General (late Colonel) Robert Anderson has started west to assume command of the military department composed of the State of Kentucky and Tennessee. He is directed to establish camps of instruction at Lexington, Frankfort, Louisville and at other points.

HON. DANIEL S. DICKINSON, of New York, well known as the "Democratic War Horse" of this State, recently made a powerful speech on the war, its causes and consequences, in which occurs the following paragraph bearing on the so-called "Peace movements" of the rebel sympathizers: "I cannot afford to turn away from my duty because a political opponent is acting with me, nor to stay back from a duty because a political friend deserts me. No, I will go on and discharge a great duty. I hold it to be the first duty of every citizen, of every party, to aid in restoring—if restored it can be—this great and good Government. Let every American citizen, instead of crying Peace, Peace, when there is no peace, rally upon the ramparts until Secession is silenced—until the roar of artillery has ceased. Then we shall

have peace—enduring, perpetual peace; and as monsters are seldom born of the same generation, we shall have no more of this Secession in the present century or the next. This Government is the Government of the American people. It is ours to use, ours to enjoy, but it is not ours to subvert."

HON. A. W. BRADFORD, recently nominated by the Union men of Maryland for Governor, has accepted the nomination in a letter from which the following is an extract: "Feeling, as I have ever done, the clearest conviction that all the interests of Maryland find their surest guarantee under the Constitution of the United States, the fearful circumstances that now surround us only enforce that conviction, and most demonstrate to all that not merely these ordinary interests, but the very salvation of our State and her immunity from the devastations of civil war upon her own soil, are all at this moment intimately identified with the maintenance of that Constitution, the support of the Government now engaged in defending it, and the adherence under all circumstances to that Union of the States which it was its chief purpose to perpetuate."

By an arrival from Antigua, in the British West Indies, we learn that quite a demonstration took place there recently, at the hoisting of the rebel flag from the building of the consignees of a Southern vessel. The American captain in port insisted upon its being hauled down, and the people responded by tearing it into pieces.

QUITE a serious fight took place on the night of the 19th of August between a party of Union forces, who left Bird's Point, Missouri, on the evening previous, and attacked a body of rebels 600 strong, who had concentrated at Charleston, on the Cairo and Fulton Railway, 30 miles to the westward of Bird's Point. The Unionists numbered 300 men, and the rebels were speedily dispersed, with a loss of 15 killed, 85 wounded and 46 prisoners. The Federal loss was one killed and nine wounded.

THE railway train carrying U. S. troops on the Hannibal and St. Joseph's Railway, Missouri, having been fired on near Palmyra, General Pope ordered General Hurlburt to occupy the county with a military force, quartering the troops on the inhabitants. He gave the inhabitants six days to find and bring in the offending parties, and if they were not produced a contribution was to be levied on horses, mules, provisions, provender, &c., to the amount of \$10,000 on the residents of the county, and \$5,000 on the inhabitants of Palmyra. Before the six days expired, nearly half the people of the county were scouring the woods for the offenders.

THE secrecy and quietness with which all the movements of our armies are now made are in the highest degree gratifying. It is clear that we have learned something by experience. We know that a pretty large number of troops have gone to Washington or to General Banks's division, but no parade is made about it in the papers, and probably no one even of our omniscient correspondents can tell how many regiments have already responded to the call issued by the Secretary of War.

MASSACHUSETTS has maintained her reputation for patriotic promptness. Within a week after Mr. Cameron's call appeared, asking for more men, six regiments, nearly, if not quite, all of them unprepared to march, were either on the line of the Potomac or are on their way thither.

THE Oswego *Gazette*, a Democratic paper, is "opposed to the war," and says that it "would therefore crush by the whole power of the nation, its authors, who commenced it by robbery and treason, and by cannonading Fort Sumter." It is "in favor of peace," and to that end would put down rebellion with the strong arm of the law. It is "opposed to taxation," and therefore would make the war as short as possible by bringing the whole force of the Government to bear upon it.

THE French Press is very much divided in its appreciation of the battle of Bull Run. The *Paris* says: "Though the triumph of the Confederates confirms us in the opinion we professed from the start upon the American affairs, it is difficult to find in it the decisive importance usually attending in Europe, a great victory. The military results of the day do not seem to us calculated to exercise a decided influence upon the coming events. It is clear that the enthusiasm and anger of the North will be enhanced, and that brilliant victories will avenge this defeat."

WILEY EDWARD, John C. Gray and William T. Andrews, of Boston, have been in Washington, endeavoring to persuade the President that he ought to call in all his regular army officers. It is said that these gentlemen represented the sentiments of the prominent monetary interests in Boston, who demand that the heads of the War and Navy Departments must come off before they will risk their capital further.

JUDGE MARSH, the Democratic nominee for Governor of Iowa, accepts the nomination, in a letter from which we extract the following paragraphs: "In all its great requirements, the Government must be obeyed and sustained, whatever may be the consequences. No citizen can rightfully disregard the authority of the National Government, when acting within the constitutional limits, merely because it is counter to his own notions of any particular subject. We must not, therefore, withhold our services, our property, or even our lives, when called for by the proper authorities to aid in carrying on any war in which the country may be engaged."

A MAN named Walter W. Kelley was recently arrested in Harrisburg, Pa., on his way to Europe, suspected of going over to make purchases for the rebels. His baggage was searched, but nothing was found to implicate him. He was finally ordered to strip, when a number of false pockets were detected in his under shirt, concealing drafts on New York for upwards of \$100,000. The letters containing the drafts were sewed up in the pockets, and the whole had been ironed out, to give the garment a close fit, and prevent the notes from protruding. A number of treasonable letters were also found.

MESSRS. ROSS & TOWSEY, the well known newsdealers of this city, have published a card, stating that they will not circulate any of the newspapers "presented by the Grand Jury as disloyal to the Union."

THE 1st Regiment U. S. Chasseurs, Colonel John Cochrane, Lieutenant-Colonel Alexander Shuler, left New York for Washington on the 27th.

GENERAL McCLELLAN has reviewed, in detail, every brigade of troops now at the capital, thus publishing to the men, in the best and closest way, that in taking command of the army of the Potomac he intends giving it the closest personal attention. The reviews have shown that the orders issued a month ago for the thorough drill and exercise of the troops have had valuable results. The men and officers are now effective soldiers, the different regiments are finely disciplined, and the condition of the entire army is far better than before the battle of Bull Run.

THE mutineers who were lately started from Washington en route to the Ivy fortages are announced to have reached Fortress Monroe, and have temporarily been sent to the Rip-Raps, on it as opportunity offers to forward them to their destination.

#### FOREIGN NEWS.

By the North American we have European intelligence to the 3rd August. The absorbing topic in Europe was the American crisis. Public opinion in England was more and more settling down into a steady adherence to the Northern cause. The British Government, backed by that sombre squire, Punch, and the London Times, *arcades ambo*—seems willing to wound, and yet afraid to strike. The *pretend* to be indignant at the Canada Annexation cry, but they very well know that was merely the suggestion of a newspaper and not the voice of the people. Had it been so, we should not have waited for our moment of weakness to utter the threat. Despite the latent wish of the British aristocracy to cripple our power by dividing us into two separate Confederations, it yet revulsa at the insane complacency with which the South insists that the necessities of the Manchester mills will compel England to recognize a slave power and go to war with a free one. The South overrates its importance.

The Facha of Egypt offers every facility to the British for the cultivation of cotton, and the most herculean efforts are being made to encourage its growth in every available spot. The Nicaraguan Consul has been instructed by his Government to offer land to all foreigners who will settle in Nicaragua for the purpose of planting cotton. The best judges are of opinion that in five years Europe will be perfectly independent of the Southern States for either cotton or tobacco. This would indeed punish the conspirators, and hoist the engineer on his own petard. The rest of the news is quite uninteresting to us. We may mention, as a promising sign, that money is so plentiful in England, that the Bank has reduced the rate of discount to 4½ per cent. This, of course, will make our loan all the more attractive here.

MR. AND MRS. W. J. FLORENCE, the "Irish Boy" and "Yankee Girl," left on the 18th in the steamship *Persia*, on a protracted foreign tour. They will visit, during their absence, Great Britain, Ireland and Australia, returning by way of California.

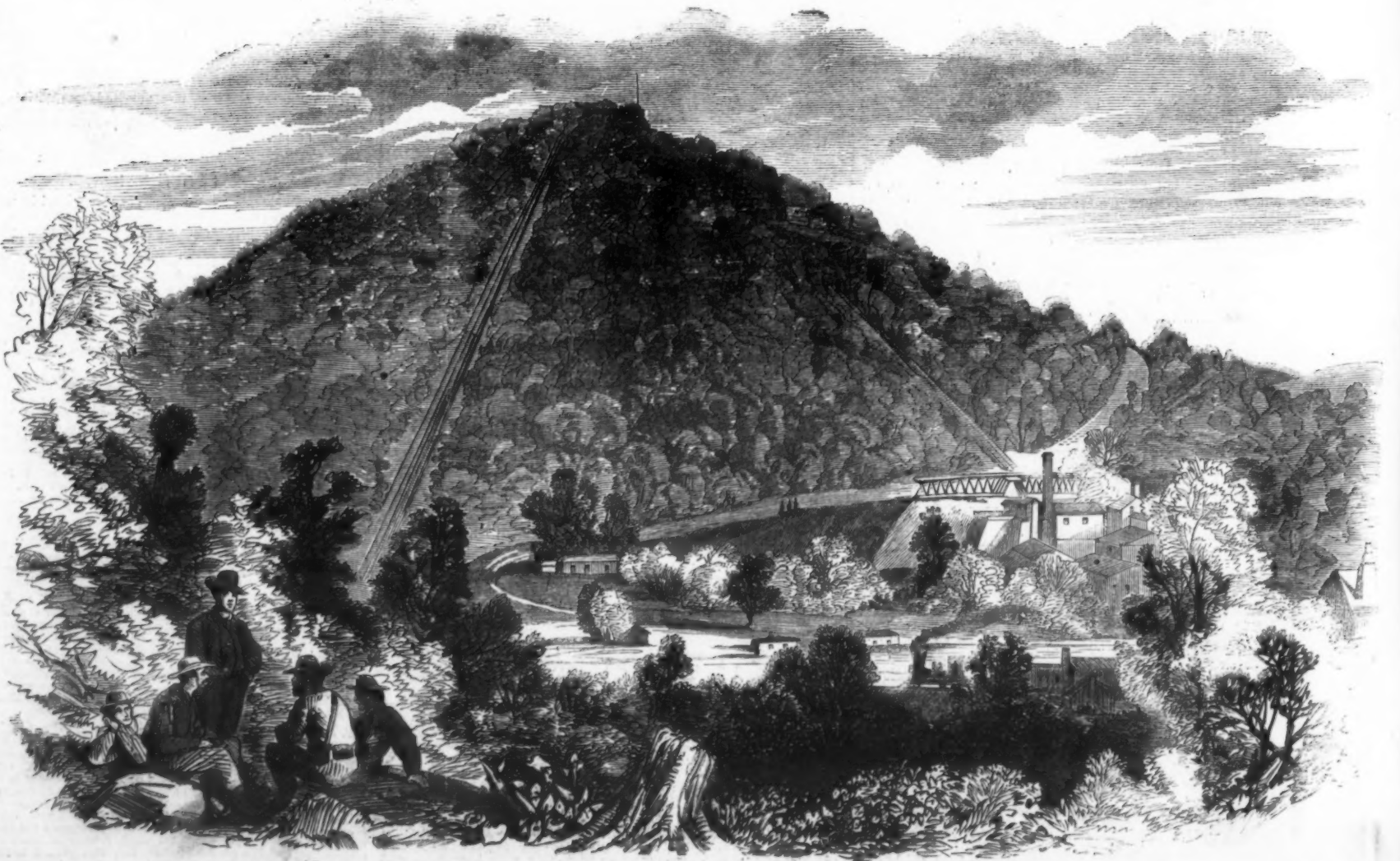
IN the death of Catherine Hayes, the musical world will find no ordinary loss. She was a native of Ireland, born at Limerick, in 1820, and died near London on the 12th inst., in the 42d year of her age, after a brief illness, caused by the breaking of a blood-vessel. Her musical career extended over 20 years: in opera she first appeared in Marseilles in 1840; in 1849 she visited London, with a first-class continental reputation, and as once acquired a high position. Her visit to this country, in 1851, is well remembered: here her success was only second to that of Jenny Lind. She then visited California, the Sandwich Islands and India, and returned to England in 1858. In 1867 she married Mr. Bushnell, her professional agent in this country.

A CORRESPONDENT at the headquarters of the 5th Pennsylvania regiment writes that one of their vivandieres will be Miss Eliza Wilson, daughter of Col. Wilson, of Monmouth, Dutch county, Wis., a wealthy lumberman, and former State Senator. "Eliza," he observes, "is a decidedly smart and intelligent, of medium size, amiable, 20 and pretty. She dresses in clothes of such pattern as the military (not military) board have ordered for nurses in the army, which is the Turkish costume, as near as I can judge—the same which sensible ladies favored a few years since as a national style. The color is bright brown; no crino line; dress reaches half-way between the knee and ankle; upper sleeves loose, gathered at the wrist; pantaloons same color, wide, but gathered tight around the ankle; black hat, with plumes or feathers of same color; feet dressed in morocco boots."



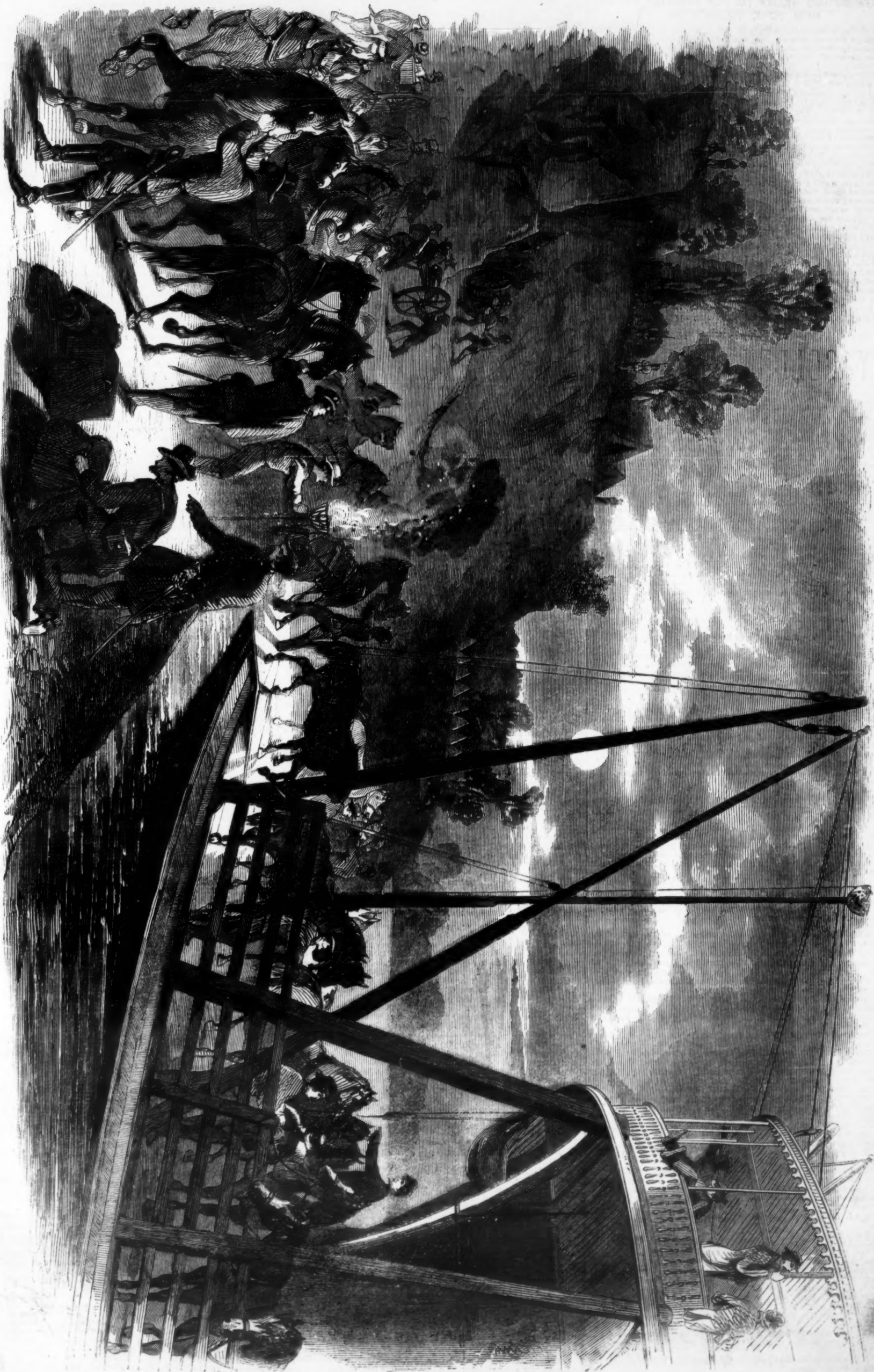


DISTRIBUTING RELIEF TO, AND PAYING THE WIVES AND RELATIVES OF THE NEW YORK



PILOT KNOB, THE CELEBRATED IRON MOUNTAIN, NEAR IRONTON, MISSOURI, AND THE SURROUNDING COUNTRY.—FROM A SKETCH BY OUR SPECIAL ARTIST WITH GENERAL FREMONT'S COMMAND.—SEE PAGE 268.





EMBARLING TROOPS AND COL. BUELL'S ARTILLERY AT BIRD'S POINT, MISSOURI, BY ORDER OF GENERAL FREMONT, TO REINFORCE THE FEDERAL ARMY UNDER GENERAL PRENTISS.—FROM A SKETCH BY OUR SPECIAL ARTIST WITH GENERAL FREMONT'S CONSENT.—SEE PAGE 265.



DISTRIBUTING RELIEF TO THE FAMILIES OF THE  
NEW YORK VOLUNTEERS.

ONE of the most terrible effects of war is the misery and desolation it carries into our homes. The murderous madness of the battle is sufficiently dreadful, but the agony is short, and the rapture of the strife carries off half its horror. Wellington said that "the man who could ride over the field of a battle his ambition had caused, and fight another, was a fiend." But painful as such a scene must be, we do not think it presents the worst aspect of war. The desolation which war—especially civil war—carries into the household is sometimes more appalling than the midnight of a Waterloo or a Salamis. The broken-up families, the heart-wastings, the crime and demoralization it carries into the domestic circle, these are its more fearful penalties. Judged by this rule, the enormous wickedness of the Southern rebellion assumes, even in our own day, the revolting proportions it will bear in history, when the names of Floyd, Davis, Toombs, Wigfall and their fellow-conspirators will share with Judas Iscariot, Benedict Arnold, Herod and Nero, the execrations of mankind.

We have in our present paper given a scene which, to the least reflective mind, is far more eloquent than a sermon. It brings the miseries of war home to every bosom. It represents the distribution of relief to the destitute families of the gallant volunteers who are now fighting for our national existence. Women who have never known what it is to receive a favor are compelled by starving children to turn supplicants. It is also distressing in another point of view, for the indifference of the public to the sufferings of the wives and children of our soldiers deserves a censure only less emphatic than that due to the traitors themselves. In bringing this suggestive scene before our readers we have the hope that it may quicken the benevolent impulses of the public, and remind it of the duty it owes to those who are risking their lives that they may remain safely in their homes. The least they can do is to alleviate the privations of the bereaved families, and convince the gallant soldiers of the Union that they are not shedding their blood for an ungrateful country.

## MY GOLDEN SKELETON.

## CHAPTER XII.—GRAVE TIDINGS.

THE title of this chapter is no attempt at a pun. By "Grave Tidings" I mean, not tidings from the grave, but grave tidings from the land of the living. I left Mrs. Timbs, Broussais and myself in an interesting tableau last chapter. Fate, however, determined to upset the *pose plastique* by hurrying one of the chief figures, myself, down a trapdoor of necessity.

Anxious and long was our consultation relative to the return of the aggrieved Timbs with Monsieur Charles. With the departure of Timbs, the angry demon seemed to have passed out of the woman's bosom, and she became nervous and excited.

I must fly. Whether it was a difficult question to answer, for I was utterly without friends. I proposed going to sea; but Mrs. Timbs strongly objected to that course of action.

"You are old enough, Master Henry," she said, "to comprehend that the persons with whom we have to deal would halt at no crime, and that it is their interest to get you out of the way. You must, if possible, avoid them until you are of age, when we can confound them by proving your identity and asserting your claims."

"And not till then—not until I am twenty-one?"

"I fear not. I may as well tell you that the affair of to-night will produce a dangerous quarrel between Broussais and Monsieur Charles. Broussais, however, is quite satisfied with the result, and, when the time comes, will have a voice in your affairs."

"I defy him!" cried Broussais, in English. "I spit upon him and defy him."

"You hear," cried Mrs. Timbs, triumphantly. "Broussais speaks this tongue like the rest of us, and he has ears to hear. For years his voice has been silent to our language; but it is now opened, that you may recognize a friend."

Broussais came towards me, holding out both hands, and his eyes were glistening.

"My boy, have no fear," he cried. "Heaven tempers the wind to the shorn lamb. Not for long shall you thus be buffeted about, not for long. Your enemies are our enemies, and I could hang them to-day. But we wish to visit them with a deeper punishment by bringing the dead to life."

"It is so," said Mrs. Timbs, calmly. "We must wait."

"We must wait in patience," said Broussais, "tiger like, till the time arrives when it is our interest to spring. In the meantime, we must deliberate what is to be done."

"Suppose," I said, "suppose—"

"Well, suppose," broke in Mrs. Timbs, with a smile of sad encouragement.

"Suppose I were to return to Mr. Augustus."

Broussais shook his head and whistled; Mrs. Timbs shook her head and spoke.

"Mr. Augustus is no longer at the spot where you left him; and, even if he were, I fear that your presence might be inconvenient."

"Then what can be done?" I cried, aghast. "I see no other chance."

"I'll tell you!" cried Broussais, brilliantly. "You shall become a youthful Roscius."

"A what?" cried Mrs. Timbs and I simultaneously.

"You have talent, and will soon multiply it tenfold by impudence. Go upon the stage."

"Absurd," said Mrs. Timbs.

"Not so. If a man wishes to escape from his creditors, his best plan is to become a provincial actor. In the same manner, a provincial theatre is the best hiding-place for a person in his position. His enemies, dear woman, will never dream of going there to seek him. His friends will always be able to communicate with him. Let him go upon the provincial stage, under an assumed name—say that of Widger."

"Better still," observed Mrs. Timbs, "that he should enter a provincial theatre in some quiet capacity, avoiding the boards altogether. He is clever and tolerably educated, and could be useful in a thousand ways."

"But how?" interposed I, not clearly perceiving the plan of procedure.

"There, indeed, I am at a loss," returned Broussais. "I must refer you to a third party, experienced in such matters. The name of that third party, of whom I have heard favorable reports, but whose person is unknown to me, is Mr. Loret."

"Ah!" sighed I in a tone of comparative conviction.

"Loret is good-hearted and experienced," said Mrs. Timbs, thoughtfully; "but he is inquisitive, and cannot be trusted. His tongue is too talkative, and he is not very discreet."

"Circumvent him by a sophism—in words less large, tell him a pardonable little fib (your judgment will suggest what fib), and so place it out of his power to do an unwilling mischief."

"It might be done," murmured Mrs. Timbs. "We will think it over. To-night Master Henry may sleep here, in peace. To my certain knowledge, Timbs cannot communicate with that villain to-night; for there is no train for Caverford till ten to-morrow morning. He has not courage enough to return here alone. To-morrow evening, at the soonest, he may return; but we have a good day between us."

"See Loret at once," suggested Broussais. "No time is to be lost."

"I will go now."

"Good! We will wait patiently, Henry and I, until you return."

"Stay! I have something more to say," she observed. "I have a question to ask. Master Henry, you are being buffeted about in a rough world; you are fighting in a great storm. Now tell me, on your soul, is it of your own free will that you agree to suffer for a while, in consideration of the future? or would you rather live an easier life, with those whom it will be your duty to call to atonement for sins committed?"

"Of my own free will," I answered; "I place myself entirely in your hands."

"You are conscious that we are friends to you and yours, and that it is your interest to wait?"

"I am."

"You consider present poverty immeasurably better than comforts at certain hands?"

"Immeasurably better."

"Enough. You have a true conscience, and are wise. I will go low and see Loret."

If the dear reader imagines for one moment that my Golden Skeleton had left me, he or she is grievously mistaken. As I had found it with Ornel in the country, I found it with Mrs. Martha Timbs in the town. I felt the incubus of riches while deprived of the opiate comforts riches may procure. The enus and gravamen of my Skeleton lay far away in the future, and it was of the future that I felt doubtful.

"Is it not possible," said Broussais, suddenly, "that Charles may be in London?"

The woman seemed rather alarmed at this suggestion. After reflecting, she answered:

"It is possible, but not probable. Still the suggestion must not be forgotten."

"My dear woman, all things considered, it is unsafe to allow Master Henry to remain here for another moment. He must pass the night elsewhere."

"You are right, and I was reckoning without my host. Let him go with you, after my return from Loret's. Is that agreed?"

"It is agreed."

Mrs. Timbs passed out of the house, leaving me alone in the room with Broussais, who immediately changed the subject, made a few commonplace remarks, and then subsided into silence. He was a mystery to me, that Broussais, with his freshly-exhibited knowledge of the English tongue, his quiet, thoughtful determination, and his kindness towards myself. He appeared to be excellently well acquainted with my history, and with that of my relations. He had obviously been deceiving Monsieur Charles. He appeared to defy Timbs. Who was he? What was he? There were difficult questions to answer. One thing seemed certain to my mind—that he was morally and physically courageous, albeit cautious to a nicety.

Mrs. Timbs returned in a short time, accompanied by Mr. Loret. "I have informed Mr. Loret," she said, taking off her bonnet, "that the friends of this young gentleman wish to procure him some sort of situation in a provincial theatre."

"Just so," said Mr. Loret.

"And in answer to my inquiries, Mr. Loret has said that—"

"That, with talent, nothing is impossible; and I have observed with rapture that Master Brown possesses talent."

Broussais did not join in the conversation just yet; it was understood, of course, that he spoke English. He appeared to be listening attentively to something at a distance. At that moment a loud ring was heard at the bell.

Mrs. Timbs turned pale; Broussais turned crimson, and I began to tremble.

"Can it be?" gasped Mrs. Timbs, looking at Broussais.

"No," was the reply; "open the door without fear. Were it the persons you mean, they would have used the latchkey, and stolen upon us unawares."

Mrs. Timbs left the room, and we heard the front door open. Then there was a cry of surprise, and a whispered consultation. In a few moments Mrs. Timbs re-entered the room alone, and evidently excited, and told Mr. Loret she must really drive him away, and that for very particular reasons. She would see him again the next morning.

"No apologies, I beg," cried the good-natured little professor. "I am a public servant, and you may command the time which is not my own. Adieu, Master Brown. Good evening, all!"

He left the house, and we heard the front door shut after him. A moment afterwards enter Mr. Augustus.

The velveteen person was dressed in the same suit, but it was splashed with mud and rain. His eyes were bloodshot, and his face was pale.

"Dear me!" said Broussais, in surprise, rising from his chair.

"Sit down, Mr. Augustus," observed Mrs. Timbs, placing particular emphasis on the name by which she called him. He took a chair.

"What can be the matter?" cried the dwarf. "Speak."

"Let me draw my breath first. Ah! the boy is here, is he? It is well."

Augustus shook my hand, nodded to Broussais, and then, sinking back on his chair, wiped his forehead.

"I'd have no objection," he murmured, "to a drop of something raw."

It appeared that a drop of something raw, in the shape of a bottle of Irish whiskey, was in the cupboard. When it had been produced, Augustus tasted of it moderately, and then, turning to Broussais, observed that he had not expected to find him there.

"I dare say not," observed the dwarf; "I dare say not. However, as you see, I'm here; and, from matters that have just turned up, I'm not likely to leave London in a hurry."

Broussais thereupon described to Augustus the manner in which the jolly man had surprised them that evening, and the scene that had ensued thereupon, adding the expression of his belief that Timbs would convey to Monsieur the fact of his (the speaker's) presence there, and thereby set master and man at loggerheads. Augustus evinced intense relish at the first part of the story, especially at the description of the struggle between Timbs and his wife; but he shook his head seriously at the conclusion.

"Now, mark me, that won't do at all. A parting between him and you would upset everything. He must know nothing of this. We wait proofs, and you're the only man able and willing to procure them."

"I can see no alternative."

"I can. Let me see. When did this little affair take place?"

"Three hours ago, or thereabouts," said Mrs. Timbs.

"Then it's plain as day that Timbs can't find out his principal to-night."

"So we had already perceived," remarked the dwarf. "What then?"

"I'll tell you. Before your amiable partner leaves London, ma'am (which he can't do till to-morrow morning), I must see him, and convince him logically that he's making a fool of himself."

"He will be rendered desperate by the transaction of to-night, and will not be open to persuasion of any kind."

"Nonsense, man! I know him better than you do; don't I, Martha?"

"He is a coward, body and soul," said Martha, curling her lip, bitterly.

"Of course he is," continued Augustus. "Besides, a pluckier knave than he is would bait before thrusting his neck into the hangman's noose. Well, I go up to him, and take him by the button-hole."

"Timbs, my dear fellow, I remark, in a friendly way, 'I must advise you to keep dark about this little quarrel between Martha and you, and to hold your tongue about our little French friend. Domestic quarrels are sacred, you know, and the Frenchman must not be implicated. You'll be quiet, won't you?' 'I'll be hanged if I will,' he replies. 'You'll be hanged if you don't,' I answer; and thereupon I put the case to him rather strongly, and, after some wrangling, succeeded in bringing him to his senses. Now, where is he to be found?"

"There is the difficulty," replied Mrs. Timbs. "I know none of his haunts."

"That's provoking," said Augustus. "One can't look for a needle in a haystack."

"We will talk it over," muttered the woman. "But now, let us know what brought you here. The visit was scarcely a well-made one."

The velveteen man slapped his thighs joyfully, after casting a sharp look at me.

"That reminds me!" he cried. "We've been making foolish calculations. Monsieur is not at Caverford."

"Ah!" This was a general exclamation of surprise.

"No; he has other business, which has compelled him to go northward."

At the mention of this last word, the three exchanged significant looks.

"Yes, northward," he repeated.

"When? How? Why?" cried Mrs. Martha Timbs, in a breath.

"When? This very morning. How? By post-horses and carriage, swift as lightning. Why? Because the buried dead had arisen and he was taking it back to its grave."

"It is true, then?" gasped Mrs. Timbs and Broussais together.

Both were white as snow.

"Listen!" murmured Augustus, calmly enough. "I will tell you more; I will tell you all. Are you prepared to hear? And is the boy prepared, too?"

"We are," said Mrs. Timbs. "As for the boy, he must not yet know all."

"Enough, I understand," returned Augustus, turning to me. "Henry, my young friend, I am going to tell you, all of you, a little story. Listen."

He told us his little story, which I publish, together with our interpositions. The latter I print between brackets.

## THIS IS AUGUSTUS'S STORY.

"Know then, all of you, that there still lives a half-witted gentleman, in whom you are all interested; and that it is thought fit he should go by the name, for want of a better name, of Ornel. For long years this man, called Ornel, has been blind to the beauty of life, and to its ugliness; for Fortune has considered it fitting that he should be blind to both. For long years this man, called Ornel, dwelt abroad, till Fate, or instinct, or conscience—call it by what name you please—guided him back to England here. But the man's brain was touched, you see. He came hither, expecting to meet old faces—to shake kind hands; but he was mistaken in his hopes. The old faces frowned; the old hands were cold. So he went to a quiet spot, where he had lived before in peace, and heard there that a wife he loved had died, and that a boy he loved had disappeared, and was said to be dead, too. Then, bewildered and frightened—for he was weak-minded—stunned with the great rivers of life flowing around him, alone in the wide world, this man, called Ornel, trembling as if from a stroke, stumbled upon me!"

[We looked into one another's faces; I, bewildered, the rest breathless with interest. Augustus, waving his hand in an absent way, paused.]

"Go on!" said Mrs. Martha Timbs.

"We are listening," said Broussais.]

"It so happened that the man had, long years before, done me a service which no sins and follies of my own could wipe out. When I met him thus in his dotage, I said to myself, 'Rich or poor, strong or weak, I'll take care of him till the angels or the devils right him in the eyes of men,' for I knew his history. He scarcely remembered me; but I kept him and tended him, carefully hiding him from the enemies whose faces would blanch to see him. The time had not yet come when he should be brought forward, in his sorrow, to confound them in their mad schemes. I say, again, I plucked and starved myself to make him comfortable. Once settled down and tolerably calm, he became more childish than ever—relapsing into the memory of a crime which had been his ruin. Day after day, night after night, he worked patiently in his imbecility to fulfil a sin which had been fulfilled long years before, in the loss which turned him crazy."

"No child could be more tractable and easily ruled, but for one short-coming—he suspected everybody. To be plain, he suspected everybody to be aware that he was trying to commit a crime. In this suspicion he attacked Master Henry and (once) myself. His fits are soon over; they are soon calmed. Generally speaking, his state of mind is oblivious to all the past—absorption in all the present; but now and then he remembers! It is then that he sits apart, with his face in his hands, sobbing like a little child. This state of things soon passes over; but when the fit is upon him it does him good."

[I noticed not with surprise—for I had seen too many wonders to be surprised at anything—that Augustus on this occasion expressed himself in language choicer than any which he had used on any previous occasions.]

"The poor Ornel!" murmured Broussais, shaking his head reflectively.]

"In his fits of remembrance I encourage him, by pointing out, darkly, that all may yet be well; and he seems, in his odd, dreamy way, to take comfort from the suggestion. He talks in a wan, childish way, of his plans for the future. But the fit changes, and he reverts in practice to the old crime. Listen all! It is when I see him wandering back to the old sin, fretfully brooding over the old sorrow, that I cry aloud in my own heart, 'May Heaven have mercy on the sinners who have brought him to this! May Heaven have mercy on them!—for I, who look at him in his woe, shall have none.'"

"Nor I," cried Mrs. Timbs, rising to her feet, and striking the table with her clenched hand.

Broussais said nothing, and I also was silent.]

"Hearken, then! Last night, after Master Henry had left us, he dressed himself and stole down stairs. I heard him, and stopped him at the door."

"Where are you going?" I asked, grasping his arm firmly.

"To walk," he answered; "to walk upon her grave."

"I thought it better not to thwart him. He was in a black, strange mood."

"I will go with you," I said, snatching up my cap and opening the door.

"He looked at me in a weak, doubtful manner, but helplessly consented that I should accompany him. We walked out into the night air together."

"Where is the churchyard?" asked the man called Ornel.

"As I was perfectly sure that any churchyard would satisfy him, I fancied that I could quiet him without taking him to a churchyard at all. I led him along the highway in the direction of Caverford. The moon was shining brightly last night. It fell brightly on his white, pleading face, and on his gray hairs. It fell in long, broad beams, with thick shadows here and there. It fell upon him in his madness, like the pitying eye of Heaven. He seemed subdued and softened."

"Hearken still. Half a mile distant from my dwelling-place, in the centre of the highway, with the moon upon it, I became conscious of a dark thing, which was running swiftly towards us. The eyes of the man called Ornel were on the ground, and he did not notice. The dark thing came nearer and nearer, until I saw that it was the figure of a woman. It came swiftly towards us, as if flying from something which pursued behind. It was the figure of a woman; the veil brown black, the dress torn. It came nearer, I say, until it stood only five yards from us, and then I recognized a face which I had seen long years before."

"Three yards from us it halted, panting. Then Ornel looked up. The man and woman stood gazing at each other for an instant, then the man Ornel recognized the woman's face. He shrieked aloud, throwing up his arms in terror."

"God have mercy upon me!" he groaned. 'She has arisen! She was dead, and she has arisen!'

"He fell backwards, fainting and moaning. Hardly stronger than he, I caught him in my arms and held him. I could not release my hold. When I looked up the woman was gone. My hands relaxed and he fell to the earth crying. I ran in every direction, looking for her; but she was nowhere to be seen."

"It was then that I heard the clattering of a horse's hoof, coming louder and louder, along the road. Quick as thought, I raised Ornel and dragged him back into the darkness. A minute afterwards a horseman rode by at a gallop. He passed in a moment, but thanks to the brave moon I recognized the face. Hearken! It was the pale, scared face of a friend of ours—Mr. Leonard Charles."

As Augustus ceased, it seemed like the cessation of a strange dream. There was a long pause, during which we all looked at the floor and meditated.

"And that is the story?" said Broussais at last, breaking the silence calmly.

"That is the story, my man, and I came hither to-night to tell it."

Mrs. Timbs was white and cold, but she seemed firm as stone.

"It is as I expected," she broke in. "She has escaped."

"From the jaws of death!" muttered Augustus.

Then, agitated by twenty different doubts and fears, I plucked up courage to speak.

"It was the ghost of my mamma!"

Augustus glanced at me sharply, and then answered in an undertone—

"Yes, it was your mamma's ghost."

"Is the story quite ended?" asked Broussais, absently.

"Not so. Not so, if I say that the enemy has gone northward, and that he has not gone alone. Not so, if there were eyes to see, and ears, why he went, and with whom. Not so, if the jaws of death have reopened to swallow their victim."

"Be it our duty to open them!" cried Mrs. Martha Timbs, rising her height, pale and cold, and pointing upward; "and may Heaven, which pities the innocent, aid us in so doing!"

Whereupon Augustus and Broussais also rose to their feet, and said Amen.

## CHAPTER XIII.—TEMPORA MUTANTUR.

FORTUNE is proverbially a fickle old woman. Her predictions are like picnias; the swiftness of her fulfilment is generally in exact proportion to the greatness of her promise. She is as false as was that deceptive Roman oracle at Dodona; her bills, I believe, are invariably dishonored. Fortune, nevertheless, finds large credit in the money-market; but, for all practical purposes, for all reliable investments, give me Baring Brothers. Now, this outburst against



Fortune has (I confess it) its origin in the far past. I saw a great golden morning, which soon melted away into gloomy shadows. Yet I, who had not eighteenth-century to call my own, was haunted morning and night by a skeleton, any one of whose ribs would have covered a large life assurance. I could not catch the skeleton and examine it. It flitted before me, beckoning me on to a precipice. I only knew that it was made of Gold, and that it was made of a Gold I was forbidden to touch.

Broussais had a distant relation, who resided in a rather fashionable watering-place on the west coast of England. I shall call this watering-place Tortonquay. The name of Broussais's relation was Badger. He was a very fat man, Badger and kept a grocery shop. He was an ignorant, bumptious man, Badger, but he gave his customers full weight. In brief, he was a very fair specimen of your honest English tradesman, and had a sharp eye to his own interests.

So it turned out that I parted with Augustus and Mrs. Timbs the very next day, and was taken by Broussais to Tortonquay. Before we started Augustus set out in search of Mr. Timbs, with the determination to bring that deceptively jolly individual to his senses.

We journeyed down to Tortonquay by rail, and we arrived there early in the evening. We found Badger in his shop, beaming behind a rather imposing counter. He did not appear to recognize us as friends, until Broussais called him "my dear Badger," and asked him how he did, besides putting sundry questions about the female Badger and the little Badgers. Gradually the face of the honest tradesman softened, and he stretched out a horny hand of welcome. I scarcely know how it happened, but in less than half an hour it was arranged that Badger was in want of an assistant, to serve in the shop, and that I would be just the sort of young gentleman to occupy the post. There was a great deal of whispering, and much nodding and winking, larded with occasional frowns and smiles, between Broussais and Badger; and I am sure, not only that I heard the jingle of money, but that money passed from the dwarf's hand into that of the honest tradesman.

"Remember, my dear young friend, that this cannot last long," observed Broussais, leading me into a corner of a coffee-house, to which we had adjourned. "In the meantime, keep up your heart, and be assured that all is for the best. I have no arranged matters that you will find yourself pretty comfortable. You will lodge with Badger, my relation. He's not a bad fellow, Badger, and you're sure to like him. Are you satisfied with my arrangements?"

I answered in the affirmative, thanking him, at the same time, for his exertions on my behalf. He pook-pooked the notion of gratitude, when I talked of that cheap commodity. I really felt under a deep obligation. But, after all, my position and prospects considered, I fear that my gratitude agreed, in some measure, with Voltaire's definition of the word—"A lively sense of favors to be received."

That very evening Broussais left Tortonquay, consigning me to the care of Badger.

I decline going into a minute description of the Badger household, and its domestic economy. It (the household, not the economy) included Mrs. Badger, a woman whose chief peculiarities were flesh and good-nature; two little boy Badgers, with pug noses, and one little girl Badger, with a squint, and a pink-faced baby Badger, whose normal condition of mind developed itself in vocal discord. The Badger house was small, like the Badger servant, who was small too; but it was clean and comfortable. In a very short time I became quite domesticated; and, will you believe me, I became so happy as to perceive beauty in the baby? In the company of these vulgar people I began, for the first time, to relish close human relationship. I forgot my troubles; I almost forgot my skeleton. They were very worthy people, the Badgers; and they gave a good deal of moral relief by cutting my straight leeches.

I forgot to state that I had been rechristened by Broussais. My name at Tortonquay was Henry Wigwag. In the domestic parlor I was called, familiarly, Wigwag. In the shop I was known to customers as "Mr. Henry." I received a small weekly salary, over and above my board; and I at last experienced the delight of earning my own bread and butter.

In the shop, I saw, I was known as Mr. Henry, or Mr. Badger's "young man." Hear it ye stars and planets! I was not yet seventeen, and I was a "young man." I'm sadly afraid that this consciousness of manhood made me racy. I'm sadly afraid that I once or twice cast amorous glances at pretty housemaids who came to make purchases in the shop. I'm sadly afraid that my heart throbbed and my fingers trembled while I was making up packets of tea or slicing the ham for the servant-maid who lived just over the way. I'm sadly afraid that I boxed the ears of one or two small boys, who tried to play practical jokes upon me and to detract from my commercial dignity. I'm sadly afraid, in fact, that I was beginning to treat my Golden Skeleton, when it appeared, with less awe than it had previously won at my hands.

Tortonquay was not quite so fashionable as either Brighton or Boulogne. Yet it was visited during the summer season by numbers of people who had nothing to do, and who wished to do it pleasantly. It was rather looked down upon by stuck-up Cheltenham; for it was darkly whispered that certain bank defaulters had once found in the very heart of its society a quiet and safe hiding-place. But I've no hesitation in saying that this was a libel. Certain it is, that the sharp, conspicuous angles of snobbery were rubbed away by the ever-echoing feet of commercial men. Tortonquay, in fact, had its under-circles and its upper ten-and-twenty. I belonged to the former; the latter were so few in number, that I could soon distinguish them on their arrival.

My happy state of union with the vulgar Badger family led me to institute odious comparisons between vulgar people and the people who rolled past me in carriages. I was certain that the vulgar people were the happier; and on that wrong premise, I came to the conclusion that the vulgar people, being happy, must be virtuous, and that the rich people, being unhappy, must be vicious. All the rich people, I fancied, had their Golden Skeletons. That dark beauty with lines on her young face, would purchase, in a husband, twelve thousand pounds' worth of misery; while Miss Mary Ann Badger, when she wedded, might squint blissfully through a nursery door into paradise. The young gentleman, of my own age, who had money, or expectations, seemed disgusted with life, with love, with all things, save tobacco; while I, transplanted into vulgar soil, and transformed into a young man in the grocery line, believed in every pretty pair of ankles which twinkled across the threshold of the shop. I said to myself that Fortune was all a deception, while Golden Skeletons existed; that the scales and cheese-knife made music sweeter than all the gleaming guineas of Mammon; and that I would prefer being a poor Badger to a rich Brown. Mrs. Badger's only skeleton was a poor skeleton key; for—probably for the reason that there was nothing in the house to tempt a thief—she was dreadfully afraid of burglars.

I had only been a young man for some weeks, when my attention was called to an individual who entered the shop, purchased some figs, and sat down on a trestle to eat them. This worthy was a stout little man of about forty, with very black hair, eyebrows and moustache, a very Jewish nose, and a guttural way of speaking. He wore a very thick watch-chain, and had rings of gold on his fat fingers.

His method of eating his figs was peculiar. He would take up one between his thumb and forefinger, hold it up to his eyes, glance suspiciously at me, then eat one side of the fig, hold it up to his eyes again, frown at me, and, finally, finishing the fig, stare me quietly out of countenance.

His visits were repeated. During one of them he got into friendly conversation with Badger. During the conversation, he observed that "Your young man, sir," had a shape and air which was decidedly above his position. Those hands, sir, were as white and delicate as a lady's, and his language, sir, was that of a had tolerably well-educated. While making these remarks, which Badger dismissed as unworthy of comment, the jewelled and Jewish individual shook his head once or twice with an assumption of deep meaning. I felt particularly uneasy, for there was that in the manner of our visitor which did not at all please me. He looked dangerous.

Fortune, whose proverbial fickleness I alluded to at the commencement of this chapter, appeared to have so willed it that I should not be permitted to rest, for any length of time, in any given locality, whether the surrounding circumstances were pleasant or unpleasant. I was disfigured about by fortune's changeable breath, like something of gossamer lightness. I lost all my power to resist extraneous influences. I was passive in the hands of the Fate which had closed around me when, as a very little boy, I first became conscious that I was haunted.

Directly my unknown visitor began to eat figs before Badger's counter, the charming reality of my vulgar happiness faded away into that unsubstantial dreamland wherein my Golden Skeleton

wandered ever restlessly. I was certain that the incubus band of Fortune was again descending upon me, and that I should again be dragged back to the old associations. My fears were soon confirmed by a word or two which passed one evening between the visitor and myself. He was staring at me in his insolent way, when my blood flushed up suddenly, and I spoke out.

"You seem, sir," I said, trying to sneer, "to have taken a great interest in my welfare. I can't conceive for what reason."

"And do you know," murmured my visitor, appealing to the ceiling and pointing to me, as if I were part of the stick-in-trade, "do you know that I've been waiting here, day after day, on purpose to hear you say this?"

"Indeed!" I exclaimed, with as much surprise as indignation.

"Yes, indeed. I've waited to hear you say it, and you've said it. Now I'm going to speak to you. I've been sent by a friend of yours, to find you out and report progress."

(To be continued.)

## BRILLIANT ACHIEVEMENT IN NORTH CAROLINA.

### Capture of the Forts and Batteries at Hatteras Inlet, on the Coast of North Carolina.

THE rebels about two months ago erected two batteries at Ocracoke Inlet, which is in Raleigh Bay, and situated about 15 miles to the south of Cape Hatteras—one called Fort Clarke and the other Fort Hatteras. This inlet is of great importance, as it commands Pamlico Sound and Albemarle Sound, which communicate with Norfolk, Gosport and Elizabeth City in Virginia, and, of course, with all parts of North Carolina. The result was that the waters guarded by this pestiferous inlet became a pirate's nest, from which issued with perfect impunity a swarm of Confederate privateers, who, after a murderous cruise, returned with their ill-gotten booty to sustain the Southern rebellion.

On Monday, the 27th of August, an expedition sailed from Fortress Monroe. It consisted of the frigates Minnesota, Wabash and Cumberland; gunboats Pawnee, Monticello and Harriet Lane; transports Adalste and George Peabody; the latter containing 500 of the 20th Regiment New York Volunteers, Colonel Weber commanding; Captain Jardine's company, 9th Regiment New York Volunteers, with 100 of the Union Coast Guard, Captain Naxon commanding, and 60 of the Second United States Artillery, Lieutenant Larned commanding, as a force to operate in conjunction with the fleet under command of Flag Officer Stringham, against the rebel forts at Hatteras Inlet.

On Tuesday morning this force arrived off Ocracoke Inlet, or, as it is sometimes called, Hatteras Inlet. On Wednesday morning the transports ran near the beach, two miles north of the inlet, and covered by the Monticello, Harriet Lane and Pawnee. About 300 men were landed through a heavy surf, the force consisting of Captain Larned's company of regular artillery, Captain Jardine's company 9th New York, two companies of the 20th New York, with Colonel Weber and Lieutenant Colonel Heise; a detachment of marines from the frigates, under command of Major Doughty and Shuttleworth, and a detachment of sailors from the Pawnee, under Lieutenant Crosby and Blue, with Drs. King and Jones.

The gunboats swept the beach and neighboring cove of scrub oaks. All the boats being swamped and bilged in the surf, no more men could be landed. Meanwhile, the Minnesota and Wabash—the latter with the Cumberland in tow—steamed up to the front of one of the rebel batteries and took their position at long range.

At 10 o'clock the Wabash fired the first gun, the 11-inch shell, striking near the battery and bursting with tremendous force. The battery, which was of sand, covered with turf, and mounting five long thirty-two, instantly returned a fire, the shot falling short. The Minnesota and Cumberland immediately opened fire, and rained iron and steel upon the rebels.

At 11 the rebel flag fell beneath the well aimed fire of the Cumberland. An hour later the Susquehanna steamed into the conflict, and commenced a fire which soon silenced the rebel battery. Our gallant troops on shore here rushed into the fort, and raised the Stars and Stripes. The Monticello had in the meantime steamed in advance of the land force, and reached the inlet when a large fort of an octagonal shape, called Fort Hatteras, to the rear and right of Fort Clarke, already carried, opened fire. On the morning of Thursday the entire fleet commenced bombarding this fort, and with such effect, that at five minutes past 11 the rebels hoisted the white flag, and, after an ineffectual negotiation to secure the honors of war, surrendered at discretion. General Butler then landed at the fort, and took possession of it.

Articles of stipulation were signed on the flagship by Commodore Stringham and General Butler on the part of the United States, and by Commodore Barron, Colonel Martin and Major Andrews on the rebel side, and the latter's swords delivered up.

By the surrender we came into possession of 1,000 stand of arms, 35 heavy guns, ammunition for the same, a large amount of hospital and other stores, two schooners, one loaded with tobacco and the other with provisions, one brig loaded with cotton, two light boats, two surf boats, &c.

We took 45 officers prisoners, many of high rank, among whom were: Commodore Samuel Barron, late Captain United States Navy, Assistant Secretary of the Navy.

Colonel Bradford, Chief of Ordnance.

Colonel Martin, 7th North Carolina Volunteers.

Lieutenant Colonel Johnston, 7th North Carolina Volunteers.

Major Henry A. Gillman, 7th North Carolina Volunteers.

Major Andrews, artillery, late United States Army.

Lieutenant Sharp, late United States Army.

And several others, late army and navy officers, and 665 non-commissioned officers and privates.

The prisoners are on board the Minnesota, and will be carried to New York.

The two forts remain in the possession of the Federal troops; Fort Hatteras under command of Colonel Weber, and Fort Clark under that of Colonel Hawkins.

The enemy's loss in killed was 15, and wounded 42. On our side not a single man was either killed or wounded.

During the action a large steamer, with considerable reinforcements, was observed coming down the Sound, but these were prevented landing by Colonel Weber, who, getting some cannon into position, commenced firing on her. She, therefore, put back without accomplishing her object. It is said that 400 men were landed the night before the attack at the fort.

## RECEPTION OF GENERAL LYON'S BODY IN NEW YORK.

WHEN the telegraph flashed the news of the battle of Wilson's Creek, near Springfield, Missouri, on the 10th ultimo, over the wires throughout this whole country, at the same time informing us of the death of the brave and gallant General Nathaniel Lyon, the liveliest anxiety was manifested as to what disposition would be made of his earthly remains. As soon as it was ascertained that the valiant leader was slain, Dr. Franklin, the surgeon of Gen. Lyon's command, endeavored to embalm the body, and had already commenced the process of injecting arsenic in the veins, but found it extremely difficult to accomplish his desire, owing to the ruptured state of the bloodvessels and the expected advance of the rebels. When Major Sturgis ordered a retreat on Rolla, and the corpse of General Lyon had to be left behind.

The lady of Hon. J. S. Phelps, residing some three miles distant from the battle-field, sent for the remains, on hearing the circumstances, had them brought to her farm and temporarily interred until subsequently claimed by the relatives of the deceased, under a flag of truce. The remains were then exhumed, placed in a metallic coffin, and transported to St. Louis.

Everywhere the greatest reverence was shown towards the glorious dead. The same honors were paid in Cincinnati, Pittsburgh, Philadelphia, Jersey City and New York, at which place it arrived on Saturday, the 31st of August, at half-past two in the afternoon. It was received by the third company of the 7th regiment, and an immense concourse of spectators, whose silence revealed their sorrow and homage.

When the funeral cortege arrived in front of the Hall, Captain Price drew up his company in line, and the coffin was taken from the hearse by the Missouri soldiers accompanying the remains, and carried to their designated place. The undertaker had already placed pedestals in the centre of the room, upon which the corpse was deposited. Beyond the company of the 7th regiment and the members of the Common Council, no one was permitted to enter the room. Sergeant Leggett posted his guard immediately, which were relieved every two hours.

The wooden box in which the remains of the deceased were placed was considerably shattered while on the journey to New York, consequently the body was put into a metallic coffin, painted to represent rosewood.

In the centre of the coffin was fastened a silver plate, bearing the following inscription:

GEN. NATHANIEL LYON.  
Died August 10, 1861, aged 42 years.

The burial case was bedecked with the American flag. At the head lay the chaplain of the late General, in the centre a wreath of evergreens and immortelles, and at the feet the sword which was grasped in General Lyon's hand while leading his gallant troops. The escort accompanying the remains from St. Louis withdrew as soon as Captain Price took the body in charge, to their quarters at the Metropolitan Hotel.

## DAY OF FASTING, HUMILIATION AND PRAYER.

### Proclamation by the President.

WHEREAS, a Joint Committee of both Houses of Congress has waited on the President of the United States, and requested him to recommend a day of public humiliation, prayer and fasting, to be observed by the people of the United States with religious solemnities, and the offering of fervent supplications to Almighty God for the safety and welfare of these States, His blessings on their arms, and a speedy restoration of peace;

And whereas, it is fit and becoming in all people at all times to acknowledge and reverse the supreme government of God, to bow in humble submission to His chastisements, to confess and deplore their sins and transgressions, in the full conviction that the fear of the Lord is the beginning of wisdom, and to pray with all fervency and contrition for the pardon of their past offences, and for a blessing upon their present and prospective action;

And whereas, when our beloved country, once, by the blessing of God, united, prosperous and happy, is now afflicted with faction and civil war, it is peculiarly fit for us to recognize the hand of God in this visitation, and in sorrowful remembrance of our own faults and crimes as a nation and individuals, to humble ourselves before Him, and pray for His mercy—to pray that we may be spared further punishment, though justly deserved; that our arms may be blessed and made effectual for the re-establishment of law, order and peace throughout our country, and that the inestimable boon of civil and religious liberty, earned under His guidance and blessing, by the labors and sufferings of our forefathers, may be restored to all its original excellency; Therefore, I, Abraham Lincoln, President of the United States, do appoint the last Thursday in September next, as a day of humiliation, prayer and fasting for all the people of the nation; and I do earnestly recommend to all the people, and especially to all ministers and teachers of religion, of all denominations, and to all heads of families, to observe and keep that day according to their several creeds and modes of worship, in all humility and with all religious solemnity, to the end that the united prayer of the nation may ascend to the Throne of Grace, and bring down plentiful blessings upon our own country.

In testimony whereof, I have hereunto set my hand and caused the great seal of the United States to be affixed, this 12th day of August, A. D. 1861, and of the Independence of the United States of America the sixty-sixth.

ABRAHAM LINCOLN.

## PROCLAMATION OF EDWIN D. MORGAN, GOVERNOR OF THE STATE OF NEW YORK.

ALBANY, Aug. 22, 1861.

A CONSPIRACY, not the work of a day, but the result of years of false, wicked and traitorous machinations, has for several months disturbed the peace of the State of New York and of the Federal Union. Its movements have been marked by violence and fraud. Wherever it has manifested itself it has disregarded the rights of citizens, coerced them into the ranks of its armies, and exercised an absolute control over person and property in utter defiance of the Constitution and laws of the land. Ambitious and designing men, disappointed in their personal aims, have been enabled, chiefly by misrepresenting the feelings of one portion of the country towards the other, to usurp and exercise a power which has become not only tyrannical and oppressive in several States, whose constitutional governments it has temporarily suspended, but dangerous to the entire Union; the pretences originally held forth as a justification for acts of lawlessness and treason have been laid aside; the intention of the leaders of this wicked rebellion to destroy the Union cemented by the blood of our fathers, is now fully manifest; and, elated by accidental success, they audaciously threaten the national capital. As chief magistrate of the State, it is my solemn duty to warn all good and loyal men of the dangers to which our institutions are exposed, and to urge upon them the necessity of an earnest and zealous co-operation with the authorities of the State and general Government, of a cheerful contribution of their means to support the public credit, and of active enrollment in the forces now being organized for the defence of the Union, convinced that the tranquility of the country so wantonly disturbed can only be restored by the prompt and vigorous suppression of rebellion and treason, whenever they may appear. The representative lives of the people of the United States, lately convened in Congress at the call of a constitutionally elected President, in view of the perils which surround the Union, have, by legislative enactments, provided for liberal supplies of men and means for the enforcement of the laws, and have thus invited a hearty and zealous response on the part of several States. New York has never wavered in her devotion to the Union. She prizes it on account of the many blessings which all parts of the country alike have received from it; on account of the memory of her patriot sons by whose blood it was purchased, and for the inestimable benefit it confers upon the present and secure to future generations. Her noble response to the call of the President in April last was such as preserved to her the proud title which she has long borne in the family of States. Another stage in the great rebellion has been reached, and the Government appreciating the dangers now menacing it appeals for aid. The whole country, the civilized world, now looks to the State of New York. Let the response be worthy of her history; let her answer go back in full ranks of earnest men, who, justly valuing the magnitude of the interests involved, temporarily relinquish their pursuits, and prepare to meet the crisis.

In witness whereof, I have hereunto affixed the privy seal of this State at the city of Albany, this 22d day of August, in the year of our Lord one thousand eight hundred and sixty-one.

EDWIN D. MORGAN.

## GEN. FREMONT'S PROCLAMATION.

GEN. FREMONT issued, at St. Louis, on August 31st, a proclamation to the effect that declares martial law throughout the State of Missouri; the disorganized condition of the State Government rendering it both proper and necessary that he should assume the Administrative powers of the State. The lines of the Army of Occupation are declared for the present to extend from Leavenworth, by way of the posts of Jefferson City, Rolla and Ironton, to Cape Girardeau on the Mississippi river, and all persons who shall be taken with arms in their hands within those lines shall be tried by Court-martial, and if found guilty of disloyalty to the Government, shall be shot. Thus far in the regular course. Gen. Fremont goes still further, and, in accordance with the law recently passed by Congress, declares that the proper, real and personal, of all persons in the State of Missouri who shall take up arms against the United States, or who shall be directly proved to have taken active part with their enemies in the field, shall be confiscated to the public use, and their slaves, if any they have, shall be declared free men. The proclamation includes in its provisions all persons proved to have destroyed railroad-tracks, bridges, &c., and all persons engaged in treasonable correspondence, or in any way giving "aid and comfort" to the enemy. It also promises immunity to all who will immediately return to their allegiance to the Government. The object of the proclamation, Gen. Fremont announces, is to place in the hands of the military authorities the power to give instantaneous effect to existing laws, and not to suspend the ordinary tribunals of the country, where the law can be administered by the civil officers in the usual manner. He closes with an appeal to the public to sustain him in his efforts to vindicate the proper authority.

## PERSONAL.

We take the liberty of doubting the following despatch, purporting to have been sent by Jefferson Davis to Dr. Ramsey, of Knoxville, Tennessee. Mr. Nelson is a man of far too high principle, and altogether too consistent in his devotion to the Union, to have said or done anything to authorize the despatch:

"Richmond, Va., August 18.

"Dr. J. G. M. Ramsey, Knoxville.

"Your received. Mr. Nelson has acknowledged his obligation, as a citizen of the State of Tennessee, to submit to her late decision; and upon his promise to act hereafter in accordance therewith, I have ordered his release."

"JEFFERSON DAVIS."

THE Richmond Enquirer states that Mrs. Henningsen, wife of the ex-distant General Henningsen, of a Boston pottery, and the Major's daughter of modern times, now of Wise's staff, has arrived in that city. She came from New York via Louisville and Nashville. She was pretty closely guarded, but succeeded in getting through with five revolvers, 500 ounces of quinine, and a galvanic battery.

We understand that Herman, the wizard magician and sorcerer par excellence, is to make his appearance at the Academy of Music, for the first time, about the 4th of next month.

DANIEL E. SICKLES has at last received a commission as Brigadier-General, at the instance, it is said, of General McClellan.

A SUBSCRIPTION has been opened in London for a testimony to Mr. Milner Gibson, in view of his services toward the final abolition—now effected—of all taxes in England on literature and the press.

FOREIGN journals announce that M. von Flotow is at work on a new opera.

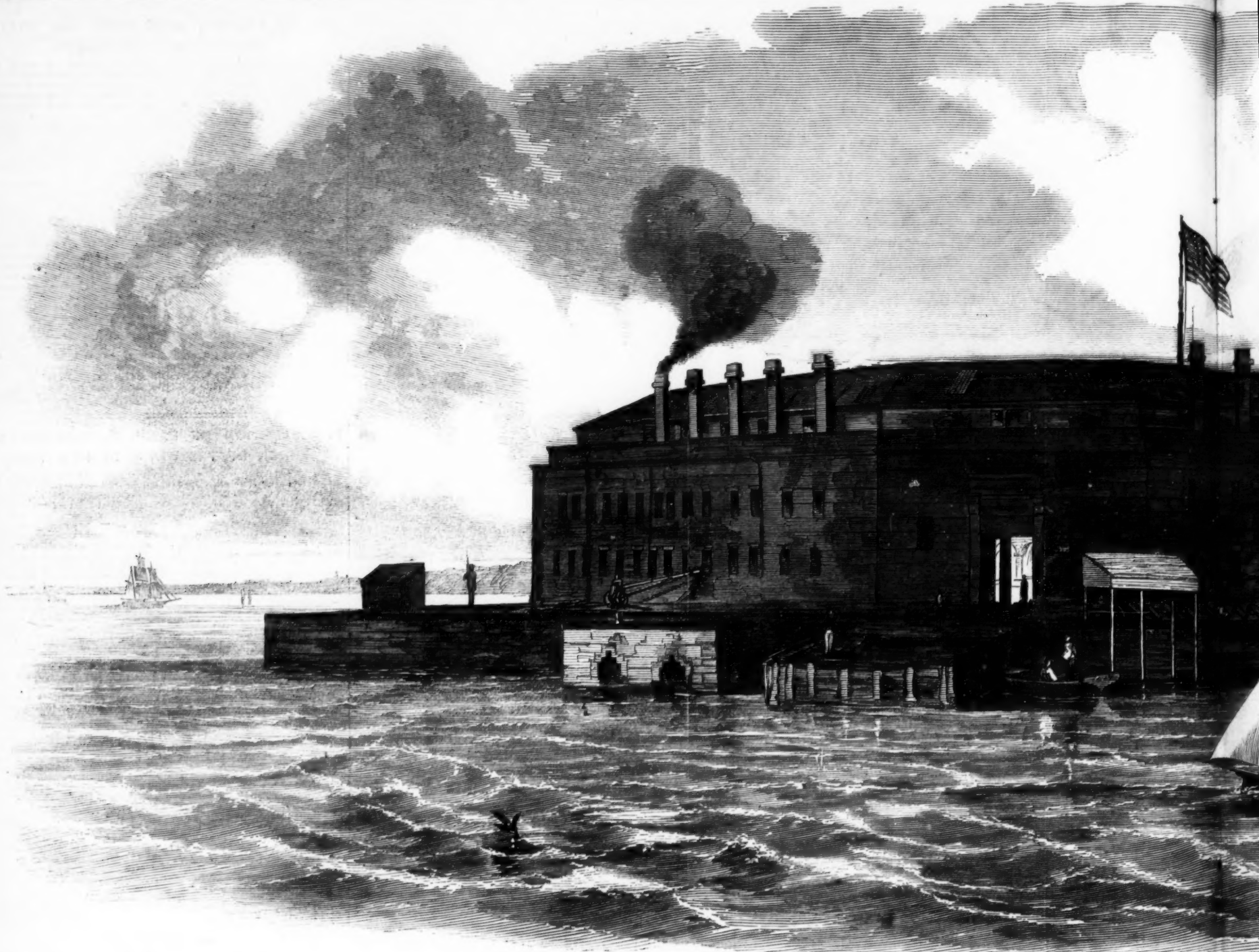
MRS. EDWIN JAMES, wife of a distinguished English barrister, was robbed a few nights since at her hotel at Long Branch of jewellery valued at \$7,000.

FATHER VENTURA, the celebrated French preacher, died at Versailles recently, in his 60th year. For years he drew crowds to the churches of the Madeleine and St. Louis d'Annis.

THE LONDON Critic says that during the late opera season "40 such a fever heat had the desire grown to see Mlle. Patti, that the public had scarce eyes or ears for any opera in which she did not sustain a chief part."

LADY GEORGINA FANE is said to be preparing a book on this country. She will have seen it under extraordinary circumstances, and has had ample opportunity of judging of the character and manners of most of our prominent people, men and women. Her own shrewdness of observation and remarkable cleverness will, doubtless, make the volume of uncommon interest.





VIEW OF FORT LAFAYETTE, SITUATED AT THE NARROWS, NEW YORK HARBOR, W.

### FORT LAFAYETTE, NEW YORK, THE STATE PRISON OF THE REPUBLIC.

The entrance to New York harbor, commonly called the Narrows, is defended by Forts Richmond and Tompkins on the Staten Island side, and by Forts Hamilton and Lafayette on the Long Island shore. The latter fort has lately become famous as the State Prison of the Republic. It is built upon a shoal about 400 yards from Long Island, and is entirely surrounded by water. In shape it is quadrangular, with the angles pointing to the sea and shore, diamond-wise—hence it was formerly called Fort Diamond. Facing Fort

Hamilton, which stands on the shore of Long Island, a little island, are two rows of heavy guns in bombproof casemates. On this side, which is less protected than the others, appear to be the barracks for the troops, and other necessary buildings, the roofs of which are seen rising above the walls of the fort. There are consequently no barbette guns here. This part of the fort, however, is completely commanded by Fort Hamilton, opposite which is the sallyport in one of the angles.

On the other sides guns are mounted *en barbette*, in addition to the heavy casemate guns below.

The principal State prisoners now confined here are:

Charles Howard, William Gitchell, Charles Hincks and John Davis, Police Commissioners of Baltimore, accused of being implicated in the Baltimore riots, and of a general complicity with the rebels.

Robert Muir, of Charleston, an agent of the Southern Confederacy, was arrested on the point of sailing in the Africa for Europe, with dispatches from Jeff. Davis and his Cabinet to numerous parties in Europe in his pocket.

Thomas S. Serrill, of New Orleans, who was detected by means of his arrogant boasting on board the *Persia*, on his way from Liverpool. Bank bills to the amount of \$200,000 were found on him; they

are, however, of no value, are not bank notes but promissory notes, specially to Mr. Serrill's indorsement it is so much material aid from the enemy.

Pierce Butler, the husband of Fanny Kemble, was arrested in Philadelphia. His offence in giving information to the rebels is a relative of the South Carolina.

Colonel C. M. Tyler, a member of the hoary traitor Tyler family, accidentally President of the United States. He was arrested in Cincinnati; he commanded the regiment at Bull Run.

Mayor Berrett, of Washington. The ostensible cause of his arrest is said to be refusing to take the oath of allegiance. It is rumored that his offence is deeper dye.

Sam. Eaken, of Philadelphia, a member of Sloat, the ringleader of the now manufacturing cannon for the rebels at Richmond.

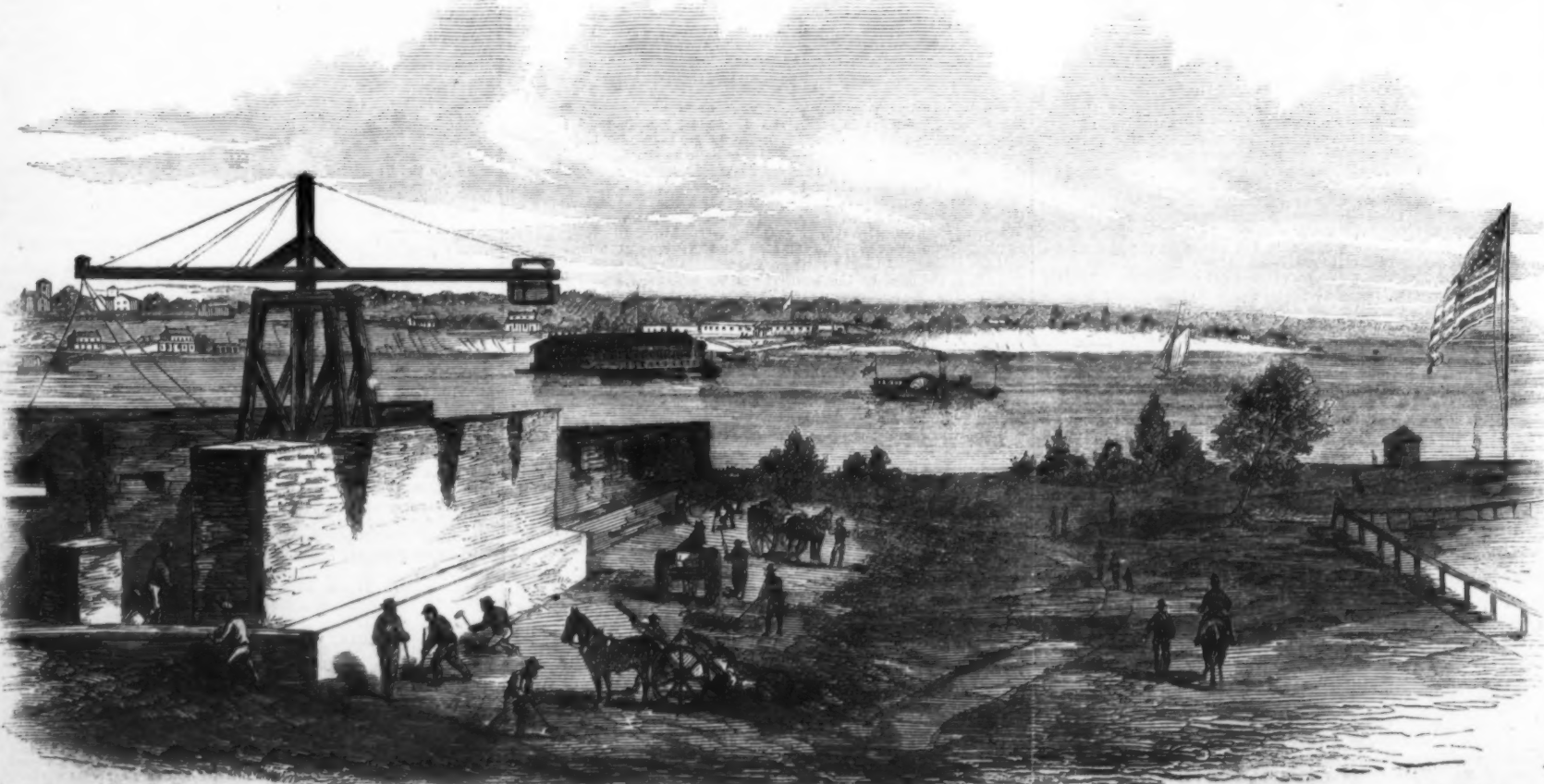
Major Charles Kafferan, of County, Miss. He was arrested at a fashionable restaurant in New York, in consequence of how many Unionists he had at Bull Run.

Louis de Bellas, a Frenchman of Wilmington, N. C. He was arrested on his way to France, to raise money for the rebels. A large sum of money was found upon him.

There are also three German-Americans named Alvey, Lyman and John, of Baltimore, who were arrested at the same time with the Police Commissioners, and charged with active participation in the rebellion. In addition to the above, G. G. of Richmond, N. G. of Charleston, and Thomas S. of Texas, are also confined at Fort Lafayette.

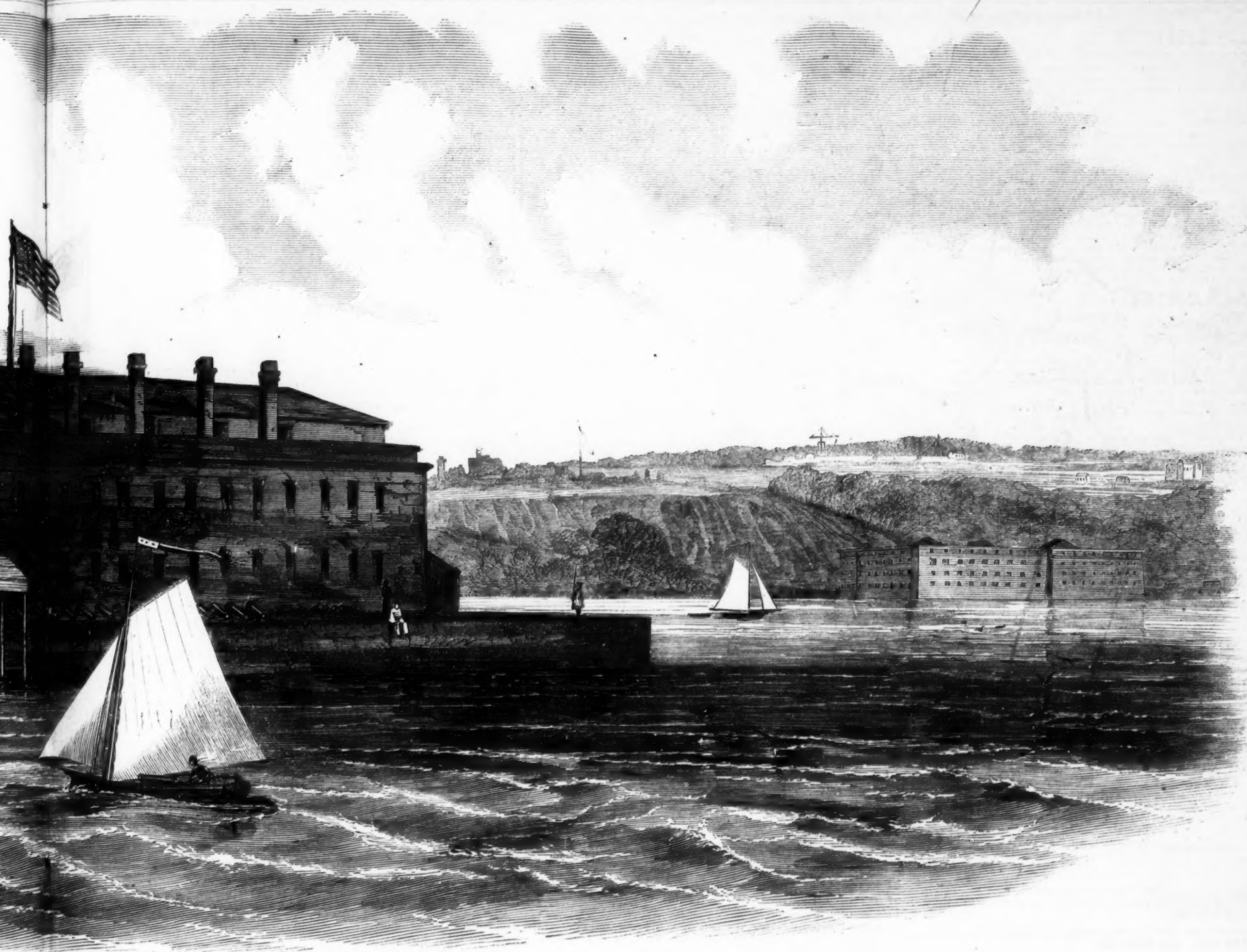
Lieut.-Col. Bull, commander of Fort Lafayette, is a Unionist, and fulfils his duty to his country without losing the respect of his captives. Some of them he has in former times been with as friends.

Every day, however, its inmates. On the 3d of Sept. Naval officers who had their resignations were at the gloomy walls, and Mr. Pat Wall street bank is no to the list.



VIEW OF FORT LAFAYETTE, NEW YORK HARBOR, LOOKING FROM FORT TOMPKINS, STATEN ISLAND.





NEW YORK HARBOR, WHERE THE STATE PRISONERS ARE CONFINED.—TAKEN FROM FORT HAMILTON.

**MAYOR BERRETT, OF WASHINGTON, D. C.**

However, of no value, as they are not bank notes but merely treasury notes, specially payable to Serrill's indorsement. Still, so much material aid taken from the enemy.

Butler, the husband of Emma Butler, was arrested in Philadelphia. His offence consisted in giving information to the rebels, a relative of the Butlers of Carolina.

Charles C. M. Tyler, a grandson of the famous Tyler, formerly a member of the House of Representatives. He was arrested in Maryland; he commanded a regiment in the rebellion.

For Berrett, of Washington. His case is of a far different nature. He is, however, a man of a high standing.

Charles E. Egan, of Philadelphia, part owner of the "Enterprise" newspaper, and a manufacturer of cannons for the rebellion.

Charles E. Egan, of Carroll, Miss. He was arrested at a fashionable restaurant in Broadway, on the charge of having killed a Union soldier.

de Belais, a French resident in Wilmington, N. C., is also a captive. He was taken away to France, to purchase arms, &c. A large amount of money was found upon him.

There are also three gentlemen—Alvey, Lyon and Smith, of New York, who were arrested at the same time with the Police Commissioners, and charged with an active participation in those riots.

tion to the above, Geo. Miles, of Richmond, N. G. Gairdie, of Boston, and Thomas S. Lincoln, of New York, are also confined in Fort Mifflin.

Col. Burt commands at Lafayette, and we understand his duty to the country with respect and good feeling, some of whom in former times associated friends.

Today, however, adds to the list. On the 28th four officers were sent to its walls, and Dr. Patrick, the post surgeon, is now added to the list.

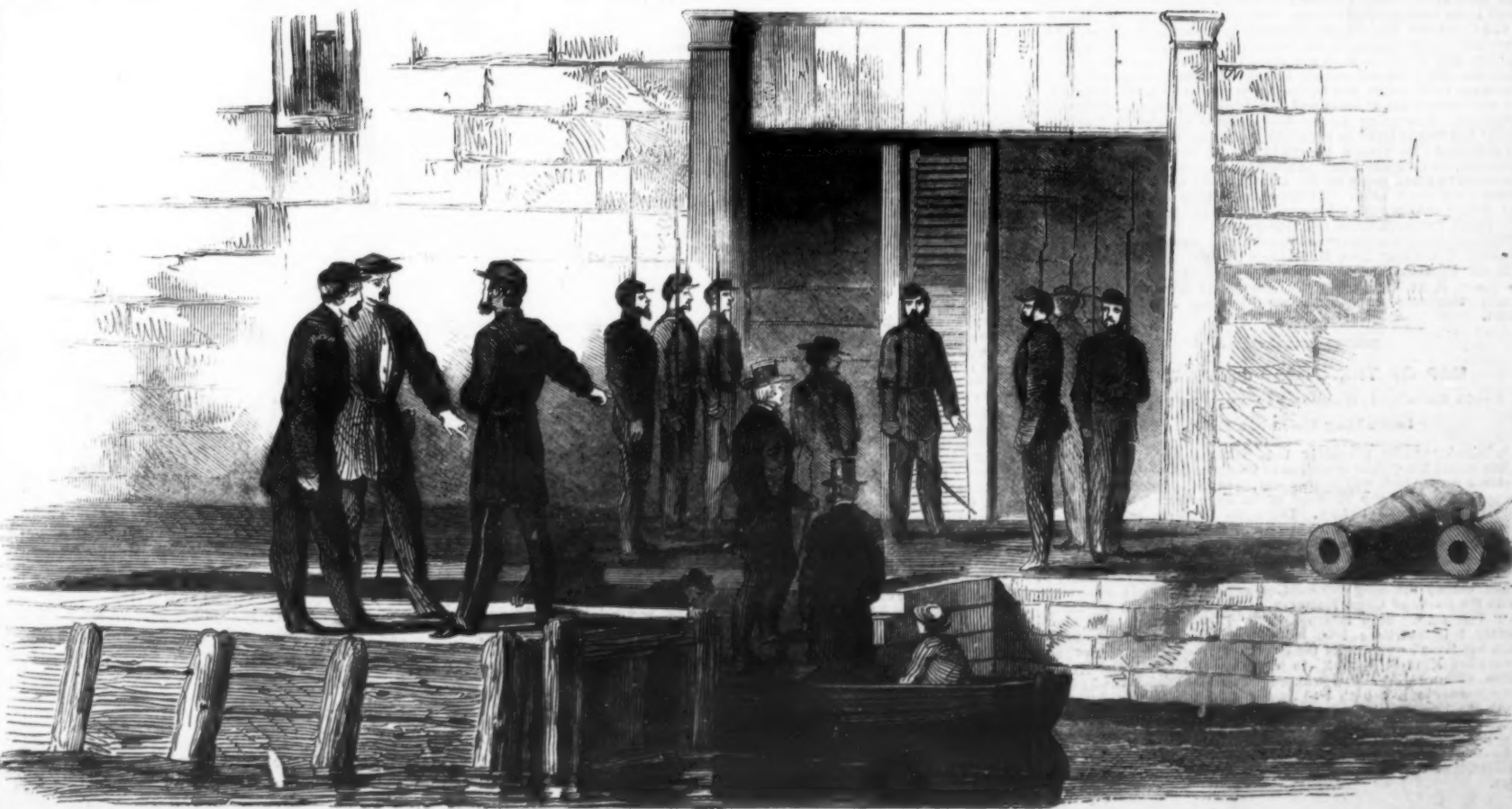
being brought to New York, was safely lodged in Fort Lafayette. In other respects Mr. Berrett has been esteemed a gentleman of honor and intelligence, and much respected by his fellow-citizens.

**SHIPPING ARTILLERY AND TROOPS**

At Bird's Point, on the Mississippi, for Iron-ton, Miss. The threatening attitude which General Hardee, who commanded the rebels near Cape Girardeau, on the Mississippi, assumed, after the battle of Wilson's Springs, towards Iron-ton, the terminus of the St.

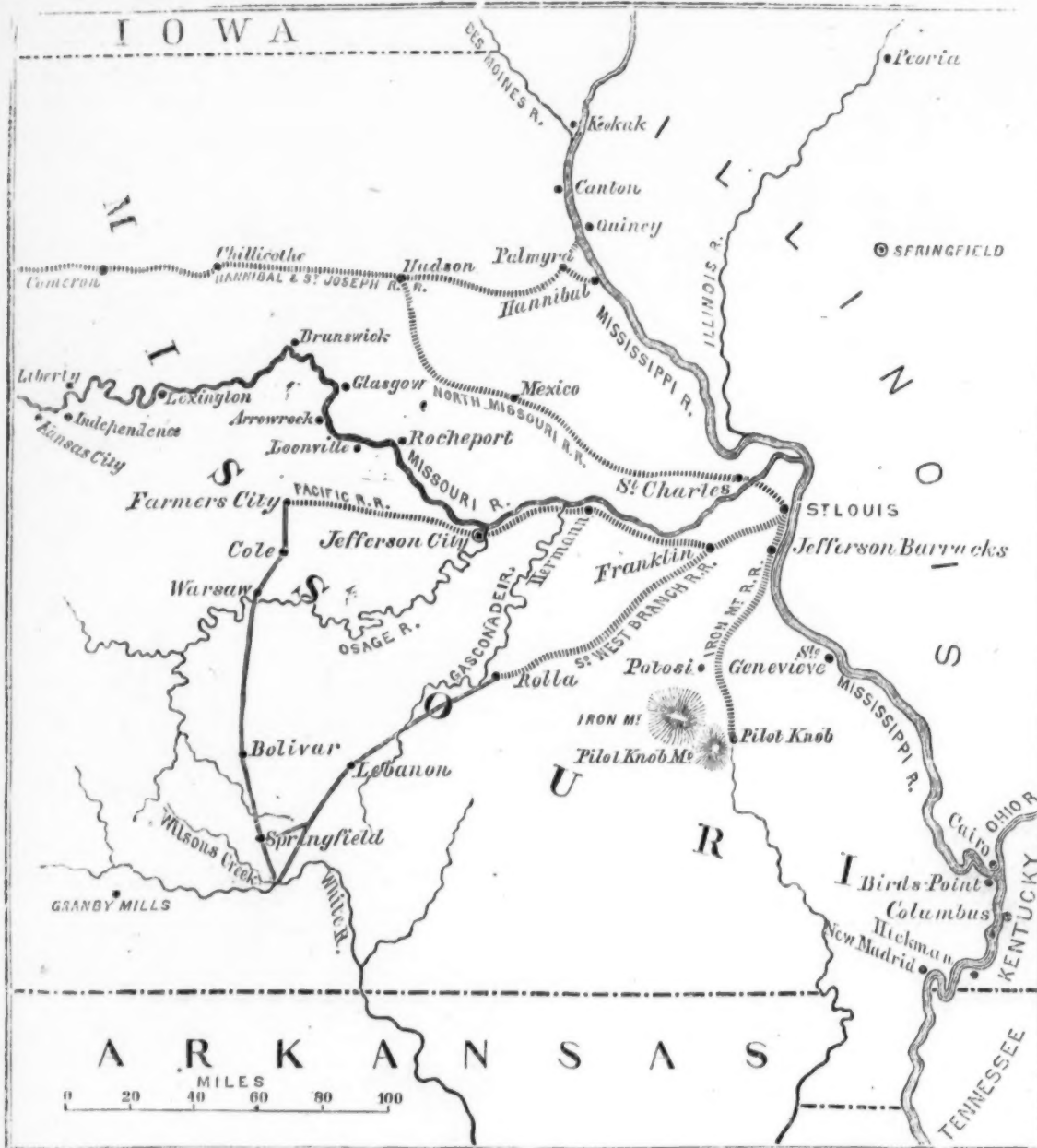
Louis and Iron Mountain Railroad, rendered some movement necessary. General Fremont having no force to spare from St. Louis, in consequence of the singular apathy of the Minister of War, consequently ordered four regiments and a sufficient force of artillery from Bird's Point. Our Artist accompanies his spirited sketch with this graphic account of the embarkation:

The order was received in the morning, at Cairo, and the same night, through the energy of Col. Oakesby (then commanding the post), and Quartermaster Hatch, five large steamboats moved up the Mississippi with four regiments and Buell's artillery on board. They landed the next evening at Sulphur Springs, and were immediately conveyed by railroad to Pilot Knob, and occupied



LANDING STATE PRISONERS AT FORT LAFAYETTE, NEW YORK HARBOR.





MAP OF THE SEAT OF WAR IN MISSOURI.

Ironton, half a mile distant—thus destroying the hopes of Gen. Hardee, who dared not attack them, but fell back to Greenville, a town about 35 miles to the south-west of Ironton.

Nor must we omit the following instance of General Prentiss's devotion to his duty. Our Artist says:

Gen. Prentiss, who had gone to pay a short visit to his home in Quincy, Ill. received a dispatch just as he landed there, ordering him to St. Louis. A special train was in readiness, and, true to his duty, he left his disappointed friends and family to take command at Ironton. Assistant-Quartermaster Gen. Hatch arrived from Cairo, and with his admirable tact and promptness immediately ordered the necessary baggage train, so that in little more than a week an army of 10,000 men has sprung up in this vicinity, ready to take the offensive. One regiment, the 17th Illinois, Col. Ross, was ordered to take the advance post, and now occupies Fredericktown, 22 miles towards the south-east, and the main body of the division followed immediately.

#### OUR MAP OF MISSOURI.

THE position of affairs in Missouri at the present time fixes upon that State considerable public attention. We had hoped long ere this to have chronicled its entire freedom from rebel forces. Had General Lyon been properly supported after the battles of Booneville and Carthage, this would doubtless have been the case. As matters have been managed, the work has to be done over again. The public will perceive from our map the exact position of the two armies—the National and the Rebels. General Fremont's headquarters are in St. Louis, and by the last accounts General Prentiss, Sigel and Sturgis are at Rolla and Fredericktown, prepared for every contingency. According to the Government statement, General Fremont has ample force to maintain his ground. This, however, is not sufficient; he should be made strong enough to drive the traitors out, as General Lyon intended. In our article on Pilot Knob we have given many of the distances the chief towns of Missouri are from each other. At the present time the southern part of the State is under the influence of Rebel hordes, led by McCollough, Rains, Price, Jackson and Hardee—all desperate and malignant traitors. Their troops are scattered about, near Cape Girardeau, Springfield, Greenville, New Madrid and Bloomfield. Their number is difficult to ascertain, accounts being so very contradictory. Some place it as high as 50,000, others as low as half that. We may therefore expect to have stirring news soon from Missouri.

#### MAP OF THE COAST OF VIRGINIA

And North Carolina, from Cape Henry to Cape Lookout, including Hatteras Inlet.

THE brilliant success attending the National arms at Hatteras Inlet has called the public attention to its exact locality. We therefore give a map which will enable our readers to trace Gen. Butler's expedition from the moment of its departure from Fortress Monroe to its triumphal close. The coast of North Carolina and Virginia is defended by a narrow strip of land, which closes in as with an arm the Sounds of Currituck, Albemarle and Pamlico. From Cape Henry to Cape Lookout, there are five inlets; the two northern ones are closed, and the third has only two feet water; the chief, indeed the only entrance of any utility, is one about 16 miles to the south of Cape Hatteras, and which is called Hatteras Inlet. The water here is from 15 to 17 feet deep, and consequently this entrance has been the principal mouth from whence has issued so many of the Southern pirate ships, and which has supplied Norfolk, Suffolk—in a word, all Virginia and North Carolina, with whatever was wanted. A canal through the Dismal Swamp connects Elizabeth and James Rivers with the Atlantic through the Sounds already named. James River was therefore only half blockaded while Hatteras Inlet was in the rebel's hands. On the northern part of this inlet the rebels had erected two batteries—one called Fort Clark, and the other and larger one Fort Hatteras—over both of which now float the Stars and Stripes.

#### THE CAMPAIGN IN MISSOURI.

OUR present number contains a map of the seat of war in Missouri, and two views, embracing the neighborhood of Ironton and the Pilot Knob. The public seems to have forgotten that General Prentiss, whose herculean labors at Cairo we have already recorded and illustrated, was, on General Fremont's arrival in St. Louis, about a month since, appointed to a more active command, and that, after collecting and drilling his troops at Ironton, he moved, on the 27th August, southward from that town, against those notorious traitors, Hardee and Jeff. Thompson.

The whole rebel force in south-eastern Missouri it is intended to drive back upon General Pillow at New Madrid, when it may be that, by the co-operation of the gunboats on the Mississippi and the forces at Cairo and Bird's Point, the entire rebel army can be cut off from retreat or reinforcements, and compelled to surrender.

The first fruits of this movement are that the rebels have abandoned Commerce and Benton, and retreated to Bloomfield.

### LUCILLE DE VERNET:

#### A TALE OF WOMAN'S HATE.

##### CHAPTER XLII.

SIGNOR STROZZI received the Count D'Almaine's letter with the proposal for his niece with satisfaction; it was an offer far beyond his anticipation; but not wishing to influence her acceptance of it without her free consent, he went at once to her, and without preface handed her the letter.

"What answer am I to return, Marie?" said her uncle. "Do you favor the signor?"

"Dear uncle," she exclaimed, "what a question! I have never thought of him but as your friend; but if you wish my thoughts on the subject, I think he is too old to wed a girl not yet eighteen. I do not like him as a husband; I should not, I fear, respect him as he deserves; but as my father or uncle, I could dearly love and respect him."

There was a shade on the bright face of Marie as she stood several minutes in deep thought. At length she spoke.

"Uncle," said she, "permit me to decide at once. Tell me, should I accept the count's offer, must I give up dear Italy, you and my beloved aunt?"

"I am compelled to say yes, to your question," replied her uncle. "Could we, ought we to expect that the Count D'Almaine would give up country, and the importance all men attach to the home of their fathers? If such a sacrifice is made, it must be on your part, Marie."

"Then I must decline what you think so glittering a proposal," said Marie. "I will not leave you to live with the stranger; I have home, though grand, would be less welcome than the humble dwelling I share with you, and the simple name of Marie Strozzi sounds sweeter in my ears than the proud one of Countess D'Almaine."

He turned to offer another remonstrance, he was alone—Marie, fleeing, it had, with her quickest and lightest step, quitted the room, and slowly he descended to write a negative to D'Almaine. His answer was couched in as mild terms as possible, and set forth his niece's objection as one which all girls with her confined knowledge of the world generally possessed.

D'Almaine had waited impatiently the answer, in a frame of mind, in doubt by himself which would convey the greatest pleasure, her acceptance or refusal of his hand; but when Signor Strozzi's letter came, doubt seemed to vanish. The fear of losing Marie, which had lain dormant the last twelve hours, revived with force, and he determined not to leave Florence without her.

Ever prompt in his proceedings, an hour after the receipt of Signor Strozzi's letter, D'Almaine was in close conversation with him in his library, and had urged his wishes with such success, that the signor had consented, if Marie could be brought to change her mind,

upon the count's proposing that she should be accompanied by her aunt and uncle to France.

Marie was summoned to the conference; she could not raise another reason for her refusal, and before the count quitted the house of the Italian priest, his niece was his betrothed bride.

The morning of the wedding arrived; not such an Italian morning as we read of as seldom varying in the sunny south; it was dense with clouds, and a heavy mist falling, through a shade over objects both within and without doors. The party composing the bridal train had assembled, with the exception of D'Almaine, in the small parlor of Signor Strozzi, and each time the door opened every eye turned to it expecting the bridegroom. At length he entered; but oh, how unlike a happy expectant lover, eager for the congratulations of his friends! he was pale, with a strange wildness in his eyes, as if rent had been a stranger to him the last twenty-four hours.

After receiving the greetings of the party, D'Almaine retired to a window, and throwing it open, let the raindrops fall on his heated temples, in the vain hope of finding relief from the cold moisture. His night had been haunted by fearful dreams. Lucille had stood before him, as he last saw her, when she exhorted him so forcibly to rest not till he found his child; she accused him of seeking ideal pleasures at the expense of pure affection. She, who in life had never upbraided him, frowned darkly on him now. He awoke from this unpleasant vision to fancy one more fearful; Lucille was still with him, though this time she stood at the altar and Marie was by his side; the ceremony to the point when the ring is put on the finger of the bride, when the vision stopped between, and with finger raised deprecatingly and loud voice, forbade the marriage; he shuddered and hid his eyes; when he uncovered them he was alone in the holy edifice, and darkness was around him.

"How different was all," he thought, as the raindrops still fell on him. "When I led my own Lucille to the village church near Versailles; how brightly shone the sun, how beautifully bloomed the sweets of life round us. I thought then nature's God smiled on my marriage, but now—"

A soft hand touched his, so gently, that at another time it would have passed unheeded; he turned quickly, and encountered the large dark eyes of his bride. There was a sadness, an anxiety in their expression as she said, in a low, soft tone, that it sounded almost childlike on his ears, "Signor D'Almaine, you are ill. What can we do for you? 'Come,' she said, as she withdrew from his embrace; 'come, if you are better, to the breakfast-table, for see, all eyes are on us.'"

"I am better," he replied; "I am myself again. There is a mysterious charm in your presence, Marie, which makes me forget all but the chance of losing you. With you by my side I have a blessed future before me; but," he added, and his voice quivered, "I have been before a bridegroom, have knelt at the altar with one as young and lovely as yourself; therefore, do not wonder, do not condemn me if, for a brief space, remembrance of the past has dimmed the lustre of the present moment."

A slight pressure of the fingers was her answer, as he led her to the table. The carriages were announced as soon as the meal was finished, and the assembled friends of Signor Strozzi were soon set down at the small church over which he presided.

D'Almaine looked proudly on the young and beautiful creature who already seemed to cling to him for protection, as they walked up the aisle to the altar, where Strozzi, who had preceded them, stood with his back before him. The ceremony proceeded in the usual way, till D'Almaine took the hand of Marie, when for a moment he stood like one paralyzed, his lips white, his eyes distended, as their fastened gaze was on a ring upon her finger. The silence of that moment was intense; all were more or less affected by it, for all had their eyes fixed on the bridegroom. At length it was broken by D'Almaine, who spoke; but the voice was so hoarse and hollow that it could not be recognized as those clear, full tones usually falling from his lips.

"That ring," he said, "whence came it? Tell me, if you value mine or your own eternal happiness, tell me how it fell into your possession."

He grasped the hand of the frightened girl with such vehemence, that fear alone kept her from screaming. Without waiting an answer he wildly snatched it from her finger, and as she struggled to free herself from his firm grasp, added, "Girl, speak, I command you, whence came this ring?"

"It was my mother's," she cried; "the initials are those of her name, and drawing a miniature from her bosom, she added, 'this is her picture.'"

Like a maniac D'Almaine tore it from her neck, and looked at it, as almost exhausted he leant on the altar railing for support, then exclaimed, "It is Lucille's! and the ring, oh heaven! in what a prophetic spirit she must have sent it to her child, as it was to save her from a deadly sin!"

Amazement and curiosity collected the bridal party together. Marie was left standing alone, pale, cold, rigid as a statue. Signor Strozzi was the first to arouse himself from the fearful awe encompassing all in the holy precincts; he approached D'Almaine, and laid his hand humbly on his arm.

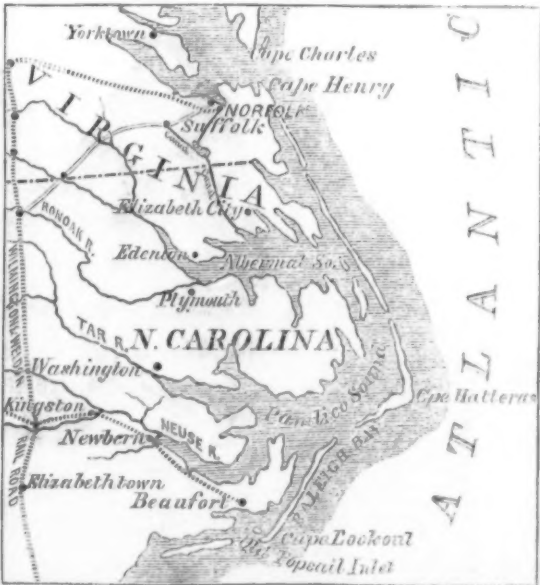
"I know not what it means," he said, "though I have a vague idea of something yet to be told; but here is nothing like guilt, unless it be attached to me. I feel I have, in my love and zeal for Marie, practised a mean and base deception in withholding from you all I knew of her birth; I should have told you all when you offered her your name and fortune; but proud of her, and loving her as if she were indeed connected to me by blood, I withheld from you the knowledge that no link binds us to each other, but what her forlorn situation had on my protection."

D'Almaine shuddered; his eyes glistened wildly on him while he spoke. "Then she is not your niece?" he said, hoarsely. "Speak, sir. Tell me then, who is she?"

"That picture you hold in your hand is her mother's," said the curé.

D'Almaine caught Marie's hand, and, sinking on his knees before the altar, cried, "Kneel, girl, kneel with me, and bless heaven that it has been merciful to us, and interposed to prevent a marriage between a father and his child."

A wild cry escaped Marie as she shrank from her father's support. Strozzi raised her from the marble steps, but he thought her dead; for never was death paler, colder, or more still, than the poor girl he pressed to his aching heart. Making a passage through the bewildered throng, he bore her to the carriage, and, entrusting her to the care of his sister, hastened back to her father.



MAP OF THE COAST OF VIRGINIA AND NORTH CAROLINA, FROM CAPE HENRY TO CAPE LOOKOUT, INCLUDING HATTERAS INLET.



At length, but with difficulty, D'Almaine was conveyed to the dwelling of the repentant and self-accusing Strozzi, where for a fortnight the closed blinds, the noiseless footfalls, the pale, anxious faces hovering round the bed, and the low whisperings of all that approached it, told the fearful state the sufferer was reduced to.

Marie, young and ardent as in her days of childhood, soon recovered from the shock, and with both hands and voice fervently raised, she sat by her father's pillow, praying that if he arose from the couch of suffering it might be in the possession of his faculties, which the medical men in attendance gave no hope of.

When D'Almaine rose from his bed of sickness the lightness of his character had fled. Marie had read to him the Book of books, and its simple truthfulness had entered his soul. The vanities of the world he had hitherto worshipped had lost a votary for ever. But he was changed too in appearance; the rich proportions of his form were gone—these, with returning strength, might again appear, but the raven locks were gone for ever; the well-formed head, which time had left untouched, had succumbed to the shock of that morning at the altar. They were white and silvery, as if four score winters had drifted their snows upon his brow.

As his strength recruited, D'Almaine was anxious to learn the particulars concerning his daughter from Signor Strozzi, towards whom he felt an irrepressible indignation for retaining the character of her uncle till it was forced from him by circumstances. Signor Strozzi felt that he deserved full censure for his conduct—conduct that might have brought upon him everlasting and unavailing remorse; he therefore stood before D'Almaine at their first meeting on his convalescence as a self-accuser; and when the latter passed aside the proffered hand with "Let us converse a little first, Signor Strozzi," the signor did not resent it, but humbly returned to the seat D'Almaine pointed to. Marie, who feared an altercation from the proud look of her father, stepped between them.

"Father!" she exclaimed, earnestly, "you will not permit yourself to harbor resentment against Signor Strozzi, who, with his sister, protected my helpless childhood. Think of the worthiness of his character, and what he has done for me. Had I fallen into different hands, your child would not now be near you to make this appeal to your justice."

"Marie is right," said D'Almaine, "there should be no ill-feeling on my part, at least, Signor Strozzi; and if for years you have robbed me of my child, it was done in the cause of philanthropy and the best feelings of humanity. From henceforth I hope no discord will disturb the harmony between us; but answer me with sincerity, did none of the numerous advertisements published ever meet your eye, none of my inquiries your ear?"

"On my honor all was to me dark as night," he replied. "Had an idea entered my mind that parents were sorrowing for the child of my adoption, if my fortune had been expended in the event, I would have discovered them; but, unsuspecting of all but my first impressions, which were raised by the stout Englishman, that the poor child was thrown intentionally on the bounty of strangers, I considered I was performing my duty by protecting her as my nearest relative. I tremble when I think on the dreadful results it might have led to; but I have no further excuse to offer."

"Enough, signor," said D'Almaine, "let us remember the past with softened feelings, but we must quit here as soon as possible. In a few days I shall be able to travel. The late events I trust have not interfered with our former plans. The signora and yourself will go with us to Paris. Hasten, dear signor, our departure, for I shall not breathe freely till I once more breathe the air of France."

## CHAPTER XLIII

It was late in the afternoon of a cloudy, cold day in February when the carriage rattled over the stones of the courtyard of the Hotel D'Almaine. Eugene stood at the bottom of the broad staircase with his smiling welcome.

"Draw down your veil, Marie," said D'Almaine, as he stepped from the vehicle to embrace Eugene; "it is your cousin, and I wish you to take him by surprise."

Then, as he handed her from the carriage, he said to Eugene, "My daughter, one of the kindest and sweetest of little girls, but for her want of beauty," and he shrugged his shoulders significantly; "you must look for it, cousin, to find it, but I expect you will regard her for my sake, if not for your own."

Eugene, without noticing the remarks, led the way to the salon, amid a bevy of servants, all anxious to gain a sight of the newly found treasure of their master; nor was the young man himself deficient in the same laudable curiosity to catch a glimpse beyond the wraps of the muffled figure before him. He flattered to discomfit her of her furs, but a mart little waiting maid stepped forward with a request that she might conduct the ladies to their apartments.

Both Signora Strozzi and Marie readily accepted the offer, and followed the maid to the rooms prepared for Marie. It was her grandmother's suite of rooms, which we have before described, and the splendor of them on first entering dazzled the sight of the child like Marie.

Their toilette was soon completed, and they descended to the drawing-room.

Eugene hastened to meet Marie, and as the door opened he started at her appearance; it was like an apparition bursting out from the muffled form he had parted from so recently, but before he had recovered his surprise the object of it, to his mortification, was seated by her father. He watched an opportunity to lead her to the dining-room, but Marie, as if divining his thoughts, and determining to disappoint them, took the arm of Signor Strozzi.

In the evening, D'Almaine and Strozzi were in deep discussion on Rome in its bygone days; the signora, much interested, sat near, occasionally joining the discussion; consequently, the young people had to amuse themselves on their own resources. Marie turned over the leaves of several books, then threw them down listlessly, while Eugene amused himself with admiring her profile, as she sat half-turned towards him. At last, throwing down a book, she looked from the window, exclaiming, "Nothing but a paved courtyard to look out on! Paris is a miserable dull place. How many months in the year does my father pass here, monsieur?"

Eugene smiled at the earnestness with which the question was asked, but replied, "Nine months is the fashionable season, I believe."

"Nine months!" exclaimed Marie. "Why, I have only arrived to-day, and am tired of it. How do you amuse yourselves in your evenings at home; doing as we are doing now, I suppose? Some conversing on the old times which weary you to death at school, without having them revived in our social moments, and the rest, do you like you and me, to listen to them. Oh! a walk in the green fields, or beside the rippling stream, is worth a whole Paris season."

"It has certainly more romance in it," said Eugene.

"Romance!" said Marie; "say rather, for I am the most unromantic person in the world, yet I love the country for its very originality; but you have not told me your Paris home resources."

"We read much and converse more," replied Eugene; "and we sometimes play chess. Do you play, Mademoiselle D'Almaine?"

"I am a novice at the game," she replied; "my uncle has given me a few lessons, but he found me so stupid that he gave me up in despair."

The board was soon between them; and Marie, with a determination to conquer her dulness, commenced her lessons; and, whether her present instructor was more versed in the art of teaching than her former one, or, that being young and handsome, she paid greater attention to the game, is unknown; but certainly she soon gained an advantage over her opponent.

"Marie will soon excel her master," said Signor Strozzi, as he leant on the back of her chair; "that was a famous move; another such, and Monsieur Eugene is vanquished. Bravo, bravo, my dear!" he exclaimed, "it is yours. Monieur's eyes are more on the slender fingers of his adversary than on his own moves."

"All jealousy, uncle," said Marie, archly, glancing towards Eugene; "you could not, or would not, make anything of me, and now would raise war between me and my cousin, because he has found out some talent in me."

Eugene was confuted; Marie took advantage of it, and rose a conqueror.

As Marie entered her room a woman rose from a seat near the fire, and, with timidity, half advanced to meet her; then, stopping as Marie approached her, she held out her arms, exclaiming in a low, tremulous tone, "Birdie."

"Good Madame Perre," said the signora, offering her hand; but Marie had looked at Rose, and recognized her; and throwing herself into her arms, covered her face with kisses.

"Mother," she cried, "oh! Blanche's mother and mine. How happy your coming to see me has made me!"

"Ah! she has not then forgotten me," said Rose. "She remembers and calls me, as she did when a helpless child, mother. Dear Birdie, you will always be the same," she cried, in broken accents.

"Mother," said Marie, still clinging to her, "how often I have thought of you when alone in the darkness and stillness of night. I have talked to you as though you had been present; yes, mother, you and the dear, tender, loving little Blanche."

"Dear Blanche," returned Rose, the tears dropping fast from her eyes; "she would now have been the same age as yourself, had she lived; but the little grave is still there, Birdie, that you used to sleep upon, and cover up so warm, when you quitted it, with your little torn cloak."

In the morning, before breakfast was taken away, Madame de Bleville was announced. With all the fervor of her girlish feelings she embraced her niece, laughing and crying by turns; at the end of every sentence wishing Lucille had lived to see this happy day.

"So you really cannot remember me!" she cried: "cannot recollect Aunt Emile? It is astonishing, when I should have known you anywhere; for, Marie, you are not at all altered, only in size; but Eugene, you remember Eugene?"

"No," said Marie; "but that is not strange, for he must have been but a boy then, and now he is a handsome man," she stopped confused, but laughingly added, "now he is a tall, full-grown man."

"But the trout stream, the little fish and old Lion; these scenes have not faded from your memory, surely," said Eugene.

"Brother, take her to the old chateau," said Emile, "the scene of her childhood, and all will return to her."

"Sore day," returned D'Almaine, "when I can make my mind up to look myself on these scenes, I will take her there, if she goes not there with another before."

His eye glanced towards Eugene, who leant over the back of a chair, watching Marie, who with her chin resting on the tip of her forefinger, and her large dark eyes fixed on her aunt, seemed recalling recollections all but faded from her memory, as she repeated, "The trout stream—and Lion."

It was the Paris season; and D'Almaine was too proud of his daughter not to introduce her to his gay circles, though Marie, brought up so quietly, would willingly have dispensed with the ceremony, could she have done it with her father's and her aunt's consent; but both thought it so necessary that some of the rust of country life should be rubbed off, to make her talk without blushing, and laugh less, and smile more, that Marie, though she feared she should be a dull scholar in fashionable accomplishments and manoeuvring, entered the world chaperoned by Madame de Bleville.

It was soon understood that Mademoiselle D'Almaine was a rich heiress. This, combined with her great beauty, soon made her sought for; and many noble and advantageous offers for her hand were received by D'Almaine. Many of these offers came from young and handsome men; and as Marie refused one after the other with the most unceremonious coolness, he began to wonder whether she was really a flirt, or if one who had not asked her had found favor in her sight.

He still wondered, while Marie, quite unconscious of giving uneasiness to her father by refusing what she termed the butterflies of a season buzzing around, hailed with delight the last ball which was to emancipate her from late hours, constrained habits, and the smoke and confinement of a metropolitan life.

"Are you engaged for the first quadrille?" asked Eugene, the morning of the ball, as he entered equipped for riding.

"Yes," she answered, in a tone intended to be careless, though it was tinged with vexation, "I am engaged to Monsieur de Valmont. The engagement is of a week's standing."

"I regret it," said Eugene, "for I had promised myself the pleasure of being your *cavalier*. But as your relative, your friend, you will permit me to point out to you the deservings from the underserving—these that follow you for yourself, and those that seek you for fashion or fortune's sake."

"To whom do you allude?" she asked; "the Duke de Valmont, or Monsieur de Nonid?"

"To both," he replied, "but particularly to the duke, who, under a handsome exterior conceals a specious character; and aided by his mother, an adept in all the arts likely to gain the favor of an inexperienced maiden, you may fall into their snare. But beware of the alliance, Marie," he continued, throwing aside his air of indifference to one of earnestness, "the duke is a spendthrift, a gambler, cold and heartless, and once in possession of your fortune—all he sighs for—you would be left to solitude, when you must bury your wrongs without complaint."

"I will impute your lecture, dear cousin, to its right source," said Marie, the slight shade which had hovered on her brow disappearing as she confidently placed her hand in his, "and to show you how much I prize your advice, I will, unasked, promise not to answer yes to the man of my choice till I know that you approve of him for my husband."

Their eyes met as the last words were uttered, a deep vermilion spread itself over the cheeks of both, which told a tale to Marie she had been till then unconscious of; her hand fluttered in Eugene's firm pressure, her eyes drooped beneath their long lashes, and she would have given words to have recalled the words so innocently pronounced. She struggled to regain her hand as he said in an impassioned tone, "Marie, are you sincere in your declaration?" He checked himself, loosened her hand, and added, in a calmer tone, "I am not so unreasonable to expect such confidence, nor is it necessary, though nature revolts against such characters as the Duke de Valmont; there are many men both of rank and fortune worthy of you. Adieu! I have an appointment at two; and behold, the hand now points to the hour."

## CHAPTER XLIV

ONE hour after the departure of Eugene, though her tears were dried, Marie still rested in the same chair in deep reverie, so deep that her father entered, took a chair beside her, and had watched several minutes before she was aware of his presence. He gently touched the hand hanging listlessly on the arm of the chair. Startled she rose to her feet.

"Father, is it you?" she exclaimed. "How you alarmed me."

"Alarmed you?" said her father. "I merely awoke you from a deep reverie; tell me, Marie, were you dreaming over the number of hearts you have conquered the last few months?"

She blushed painfully, and would have smiled, but the smile died on her lips. Her father looked scrutinizingly, hoping to meet her glance; but she kept her eyes imperceptibly on a small engraving she had taken from the table, and which she was industriously redrawing to the smallest atoms.

"Will you be candid?" said her father, after he had watched in vain to catch her eyes, "and answer me the one or two questions I am desirous to put to you."

"I will," she replied, without looking at him.

"Well, then, to begin," said D'Almaine. "Is Eugene the favored lover who has induced you to refuse so many brilliant offers for your hand?"

"Father!" she exclaimed, tremulously, and hiding her face with her hands.

"Eugene, though successor to my title and estates, is at present poor; he is aware that a large part of property is disposable by my will, that I might even marry and exclude him from all inheritance, and with such ideas I have imagined he would, from pride and honor, forbear to ask the hand he might covet. I know not if I am deceived in him, if he clandestinely seeks your favor; if not, I believe him to be so just and honorable that there exists not another man I would so willingly, so freely intrust the future of my child with."

A sunny smile now parted the beautiful lips of Marie, she threw her arms cordially around her father's neck, and in a voice so low that it scarcely reached him, said, "Father, Eugene has never breathed a word of love to me, but should he, have I your permission to follow the promptings of my heart?"

This was the confidence D'Almaine coveted, and which he had feared never to obtain from the long estrangement of his child; it was with happy feelings he briefly consented, and in timid consciousness Marie withdrew.

A few days after this dialogue Marie was in the library listlessly turning over the leaves of a book, vainly endeavoring to settle herself to read its contents, but thoughts followed thoughts so rapidly that throwing the book aside she seated herself to indulge in them. She was toiling with closed eyes in the high-backed leather chair, when Eugene, who had been seeking her, entered.

"Pardon me," he cried, "I fear I have disturbed you, but I have come to say farewell; it is my intention to quit Paris this evening."

"This evening!" she said. "This is indeed unexpected. You have soon grown weary of us all."

"Not so, cousin," he replied; "but I have business in Burgundy. My aunt left me a small estate there—so small," he added, with emphasis, "that I have not had sufficient curiosity to visit it yet, though I have been its possessor three years, and its rental of fifteen hundred francs my whole fortune; but now as I have determined on studying the law, I think it but prudent to put the old house in order, and make it my future residence."

"My father speaks of visiting Burgundy himself in the autumn," said Marie. "I wish I possessed influence sufficient to induce you to defer your journey till then, when we could all go together."

"Your offer is tempting, Marie, but I must have courage to resist it. Surrounded as you are by friends, who have a prior and deeper claim on your regard, my absence will scarcely be noticed."

"You indeed speak coldly, Eugene," she returned. "I am sorry I urged your stay, as you have misconstrued the motive, and turned it into ridicule."

Before she had well ended, her hand was on the handle of the door. He caught it, and drew her to the seat she had vacated.

"Do not leave me in anger, dear Marie; it may be long before we meet again." He hesitated as he took a small paper box from his pocket; then added, "I have brought a trifling remembrance to beg your acceptance of. It is so mere a bagatelle, Marie, that I feel ashamed to ask you to give it a place with your bijouterie, much less to offer it as a souvenir."

He displayed, with evident reluctance, a plain gold bracelet with "L'Amour" on the clasp, in turquoises.

Marie looked at the motto, and thought had it been "L'Amour" she should have liked it infinitely better; but without comment she smilingly held out her arm to him to clasp it on.

Eugene was some time performing the office; the arm, so round and fair, was an object of admiration, and Marie's long curls all the time were dancing like furtive sunbeams, now on his cheeks, then on his fingers, that his lips lingered between the arms and the curls, longing, yet not daring, to fasten themselves on both. At length he succeeded in making the bracelet fit, but he still retained the hand. Marie, half playfully, half resolutely tried to withdraw it, saying, as she did so, in a slightly tremulous tone, "You will certainly put off that odious journey to Burgundy, Eugene. I fear my father will feel hurt and offended at your quitting our house so suddenly, and the Signor and Signora Strozzi will think it passing strange; while I—but there, what care you for my regrets on the subject; if you did you would never think of it again."

Eugene, who thought he had entered the library with his heart in an iron case, found it impossible to resist this ingenuous appeal; his disengaged arm, by a strange fatality, was in an instant round her waist, and the long, glossy curls were again coquetting with his cheeks and brow. He pressed her passionately to his bosom.

The explanation was short, but it satisfied the lover, and before they quitted the library, which was not till the dinner bell rung, Eugene had promised before he slept their happiness should be ratified by the consent of D'Almaine.

The marriage of Eugene and Marie was arranged to take place in a very few weeks after their betrothal, and invitations were at once despatched to Monsieur and Madame de Vernet to be present at the ceremony, an invitation which was not only gladly accepted by the worthy couple, but the venerable Baroness de Waldenberg proposed to accompany them to the bridal.

It was but rarely that the excellent baroness alluded to her past life, and the young Marie, when eagerly asking the meaning of that melancholy retrospect of the past, could find no one who could enlighten her on the subject. It was not till some years after that she was permitted by her grandmother to read that record of past sorrows, which the baroness had once promised the youthful Ella should be one day hers.

It was a sad tale of blighted hopes, and fair bright young creatures laid in a premature grave; but at the close of this long tale of varied fortunes, we can only give the reader a slight narrative of its principal incidents. The baroness herself had been on the eve of marriage, with a noble and beloved suitor, who was murdered on the wedding morning, to her deep and lasting agony. From that time she devoted herself to the care of two little twin stepdaughters, the children of a much loved and deceased stepmother; but here again sorrow awaited her. They both became attached to one young nobleman, who though at first attracted by her retiring timidity and lover of the two, was discouraged by her retiring timidity, and married the other. Nina died of a broken heart, and the young Bertha (Ella's mother) was too much carried away by the gaieties and admiration of fashionable life, and lost both health and happiness by her own folly. At her early death the infant Ella had been taken by her aunt, who, as has been seen, well and nobly fulfilled a mother's duty to another's child.

The little party at Paris were discussing with equal pleasure and surprise this unexpected addition to their bridal guests, when Madame de Bleville entered with a smiling look and a letter in her hand.

"Joys like troubles a Idem come alone," she said. "Here is a letter from poor Madeline; she and her husband have arrived at Marseilles after a fruitless journey to Australia in search of our lost treasure, and to-morrow they will be in Paris. What joy is in store for the poor faithful Batiste!"

D'Almaine sighed as he took the letter from his sister. "Nothing is now wanting," he said, "but the presence of one who will never bless us with her angel company again on earth."

"My brother," said Emile, tenderly, "she will be among us, her pure spirit will watch over the bridal vow of her darling child. Do not throw away your blessings in vain repinings for the only one denied you."

D'Almaine kissed his sister's still fair brow, and as he looked on his bright Marie standing in a distant window with her lover, the cloud passed from his brow and he was comforted.

THE END.

## FOREIGN ITEMS.

THE Lombardo, of Milan, publishes the following curious letter, addressed to the Pope by an old woman, once a celebrated dancer:

"At the advanced age of 78 I humble myself in the dust, and bitterly deplore having occasioned many scandals by dancing in theatres during a period of five and twenty years, and having heaped up enjoyments and riches by the practice of that diabolical art. At this time, when the Roman Government is enduring such great anguish, I venture, unworthy sinner as I am, to come before you to ask aid with the trifling sum of 140 Austrian liras, which I offer as a contribution to St. Peter's penury, imploring at the same time his blessing and prayers for myself, my deceased father, my daughter Charlotte, and her son Eugenio and Elizabeth his wife, and all the children they may have, and finally for all my children and posterity, to the end that the good may triumph and the wicked perish. His Holiness's humiliated servant and sinner, GIUSEPPA TALANDRA, 'Ex-first dancer of the Ancient G-alapine Republic.'

A TOURIST on Mont Blanc this season slipped, fell on his back, and then over. He slid down 1,500 feet an angle of 45 degrees by measurement, at a velocity of not less than 60 miles an hour, over frozen snow covered by little peas of ice-like hail, and being brought up at a crevasse by the collected snow in his clothes; thus, owing to the arrangement of his dress at the time of the accident, his trousers being down, no doubt saved him, by tying his legs together. Dr. Metcalfe was sent for to St. Gervais late that night and arrived there at six A. M. the following morning. He found Mr. B., a young gentleman of 19, in a state of collapse, wrapped in cold wet sheets, which were at once removed, and restoratives given until reaction set in. Reaction; no alteration of the pupil; face looking like that of a man four or five days in the water, covered with blood, much swollen; skin of the right side of the nose and face; forehead abraded; hands burnt black on the backs, swollen, the fingers as if the ends were ground down on a coarse grindstone; nails all right; arms and elbows clear from wounds, but bruised from under the left arm to the ankle; the sides scratched in every direction, as if with a sharp currycomb, the right side not marked so high; the calf of each leg on the outside is fairly burnt black and dead, back of the calf unburnt; nails burst off by the friction, and sides of the thighs the same, these parts being red or white.

The London Press remarks apropos of our war, that, "After all, much as we may deplore the war both for its causes and its incidents, as the parent race of the contending parties, we cannot but hope to see each of them behave with the courage characteristic of their origin; and it is certain that Anglo-Baxons seldom have submitted to a peace dictated by an enemy successful only in his first encounter."

The following advertisement has appeared in one of the London newspapers: "A gentleman who is about to leave the house in which he resides, and being desirous to return to the landlord in the same condition in which he found it, will pay a fair price for 500 feet-grown rats, an acre of poisonous weeds and a cartload of rubbish. The weeds to be planted in the garden, the rubbish left on the doorstep, and the rats suffered to run loose through the house."



**BRIG.-GEN. STERLING PRICE,**  
Of Missouri, Commander of the Rebel  
Troops at Booneville and Springfield.

STERLING PRICE's first active service was when he accepted the Colonelcy of a regiment of Missouri cavalry volunteers in the Mexican War. He acquitted himself with such credit that he was made a Brigadier-General of volunteers in 1847. He was wounded on the 24th of January in the battle of Canada, New Mexico, where he commanded. He also commanded at the battle of Santa Cruz de Rosales on the 16th of March, 1848. At the close of the war his regiment disbanded, and he consequently resigned his commission. His recent exploits are too fresh in the public mind to need recapitulation. He associated himself with the rebel Governor Jackson, and behaved ingloriously at the battle of Booneville, flying from the field to his own home. He has since, in conjunction with ex-Governor Jackson, Rains and McCullough, raised a Secession army in Missouri, which we trust will soon be routed by General Fremont, and utterly dispersed. He was born in Virginia, and was a Representative in Congress, from 1845 to 1847, for Missouri.

**BRIG.-GEN. WM. S. ROSENCRANZ**  
Commander of the Union Forces in  
Western Virginia.

THIS able and vigilant soldier, who has succeeded General McClellan in command of Western Virginia, spent his early youth in Ohio. Having a strong inclination for an active life, he entered the Military Academy at West Point, in 1838, and graduated in July, 1842, receiving an appointment as 2d Lieutenant of the Engineers. He was acting Assistant Professor of Engineering from September, 1843, to August, 1844, at West Point; and from August, 1844, to August, 1845, Assistant Professor of Natural and Experimental Philosophy; and of Engineering from that date to July, 1846, and again as Assistant Professor of Engineering, August 1847. He was commissioned 1st Lieutenant in March, 1853, but perceiving no chance for the active employment of his talent, he resigned his position the next year, and devoted himself to commercial pursuits. Upon the breaking out of the present war he offered his services to the Government, by whom they were gladly received. He was immediately assigned to a prominent position under General McClellan in Western Virginia. Upon the recall of General McClellan to lead the armies of the Potomac, General Rosencranz assumed the chief command in Western Virginia. He is about 40 years of age.

**COMMANDER W. D. PORTER.**

It has been the misfortune of several of our bravest and most loyal officers, during the present rebellion, to fall under the suspicion of a leaning to Secession. General Harney, Lieutenant Emead and Commander Porter are instances of this injustice. All of these have triumphantly vindicated their loyalty to their country. The means taken by the enemy to drive Commander Porter into the fatal net of Secession were more than usually atrocious, since forgery was resorted to. He, however, boldly faced his anonymous accuser, and vindicated his claim to sustain the honor of the flag he has so long and so faithfully served.

W. D. Porter was born in Louisiana, and entered the service in 1823. He has been actively employed at sea about 15 years, and is now commander of the St. Marys, a sloop of 22 guns, and forming a part of the Pacific squadron. His commission of Commander is dated 14th of September, 1855. He is an energetic and skilful sailor, and universally respected.

**PILOT KNOB AND ITS SURROUNDING SCENERY,**  
IRON COUNTY, MISSOURI.

THIS remarkable mountain is said to consist almost entirely of



BRIGADIER-GENERAL STERLING PRICE, OF MISSOURI, ONE OF THE REBEL COMMANDERS.—PHOTOGRAPHED BY H. E. HOEKE, ST. LOUIS.

metal—indeed, a mineralogist about 20 years ago writes there was no nearer approach to a concrete mass of "pure steel" than the hill which is now called Pilot Knob. Its height from the plain on which it stands is 647 feet, and from its summit a magnificent view can be obtained. To afford our readers some idea of its position, we give its distance from the principal cities. Pilot Knob is about 85 miles from Cairo, 93 miles from New Madrid, 75 from St. Louis, 110 miles from Jefferson City, 65 miles from Rolla, 50 miles from Cape Girardeau, and 18 miles from Fredericktown. Our beautiful view would be incomplete without our Artist's most interesting letter, which is dated from Ironton, August 26th:

Sitting on the porch of the neat County Hotel at Ironton, now the headquarters of Gen. Prentiss, the eye naturally rests upon the noble mountain on our left, which forms the attraction of the landscape, raising its rocky summit far above the surrounding hills. We cannot resist the temptation to withdraw our attention for a few hours from the unhappy war which brought us hither, and mount our horses to visit the far-famed mountain of iron. The extensive furnaces of the Pilot Knob Iron Company are still in full blast, reducing the large stock of ore on hand, but the mines are not worked, and the Company will cease operations in a few weeks, when the remaining stock of ore will have been converted into bars of pure iron. There is a railroad to the mine near the top of the Knob, but the cars are not running. We are, however, told that we might possibly ride up the railroad track. As the day is very warm, and the mountain rises at an angle of over 45 degrees, we conclude to make the attempt, naturally supposing that our horses, having larger lungs and more lean than ourselves, would accomplish the undertaking with greater ease than we. So we started; our fiery steeds not liking the iron rails and wooden rollers in their way, snorted and reared, while we were looking with considerable apprehension into the rocky gullies and hollows on both sides of the track, calculating the damage we might possibly sustain by suddenly striking the sharp edges of the iron rocks. Our nerves were disagreeably sensitive, and when we

got up about 400 feet, and a nasty white rock scared our horses, who began to rear and start back, stumbling over a roller and getting uncomfortably close to the edge of the track, we dismounted with remarkable agility, and concluded that it was very hard for horses to go up there, so we would lead them awhile. On we went, leading our horses, but such a "getting up stairs!" A few hundred feet of climbing convinced us that "horseback" was the better conveyance, and as the animals seemed to have become very tame, we remounted, and soon landed at the principal mine. The mine looks simply like a vast one quarry, only that the rocks have the appearance of solid iron. This mine has been worked about 12 years, but seems to be only a very small hole in the immense mountain, and as the whole knob is iron the supply may be safely put down as inexhaustible. The Pilot Knob is owned by the Pilot Knob Iron Company, one of the wealthiest stock companies in the State, John S. McCune, President; Joseph S. Pease, Secretary; and H. B. Crane, Manager. The ore is what is called "specular ore," and yields 55 per cent. of pig iron in furnace, containing in analysis from 80 to 90 per cent. of iron. The company also owns a mine of ore two miles distant, in a hill called Shepherd's Mountain, which yields 65 per cent. in a blast furnace, and is highly magnetic. This mine is connected with the Pilot Knob furnaces by a horse railroad. There are two furnaces at the foot of Pilot Knob, producing 35 tons of pig iron per day. The mines and furnaces employ 400 men. The company keeps a large store, which sells about \$125,000 worth of goods per year; besides this they farm 300 acres of land and employ 125 mules to do the hauling. But in a few days the furnaces will cease to burn, the store will be shut up, the mules are sold to the Government, and instead of hauling charcoal the big wagons are loaded with provisions and tents; the 400 men will have to leave their work and fight or beg. *O bella! horrida bella!*

But we have rested amidst these masses of iron, and the mountain still rising above us, yet we cannot think of returning until we have set our feet upon the topmost rock, so we tie our horses and follow a footpath winding up among masses of rock, until we reach the summit. The top of Pilot Knob consists in a huge mass of bare rocks, which are piled up in broken masses, and fitly finished off by a high pole securely fixed between the two upmost stones. Not a tree interrupts the view, and here we sit, 1,200 feet above St. Louis, and 650 above the valley at our feet. The valley of Ironton is covered with a thick growth of small oak trees and bushes, with the white houses of the town peeping out alongside the highway to Greenville, and occasional cleared fields and meadows. In the extreme distance on the right another little town, Arcadia, about two miles from Ironton, glitters in the sunlight, while the whole is surrounded by gently rolling hills, covered with foliage. We sit long and enjoy the cool breeze and charming view; but a long line of infantry and baggage wagons marches along the road away down at our feet, a faint sound of drum and fife reaches our ear, and we must descend.

The view from the summit of this remarkable mountain is very extensive and striking; at the foot is Ironton, a little beyond is Arcadia, while some twelve miles or thereabouts distant stands Iron Mount, a small ridge, almost as metallic as Pilot Knob; about 16 or 20 miles to the south-east is Fredericktown, where General Grant had his headquarters by the last accounts. Winding like a thread of light in the distance is the river St. Francis, which after flowing south finally empties into the Mississippi near Peyton.

**PLANTING THE STARS AND STRIPES ON THE  
TOPMOST PEAK OF PILOT KNOB.**

WE publish to-day a very interesting sketch of the planting, for the first time doubtlessly, of the Stars and Stripes upon the summit of Pilot Knob, at which our Artist had the good fortune to assist. We can readily enter into the exhilaration of heart those gallant men must have felt as they saw the flag, for which they were periling life and estate, expand to the breeze, and which they hailed as prophetic of the day when the wide expanse of Missouri, as far as their eye could reach, should not be deformed by the presence of a traitor! Our readers will perceive that the rugged grandeur of the bare rocks was not a little calculated to impress the minds of the actors present at this remarkable scene.

THE venerable Dr. Spring and his bride are spending their honeymoon at the Union in Saratoga. The *Express* says, with characteristic sympathy, that the reverend doctor preached on Sunday with his usual vigor.

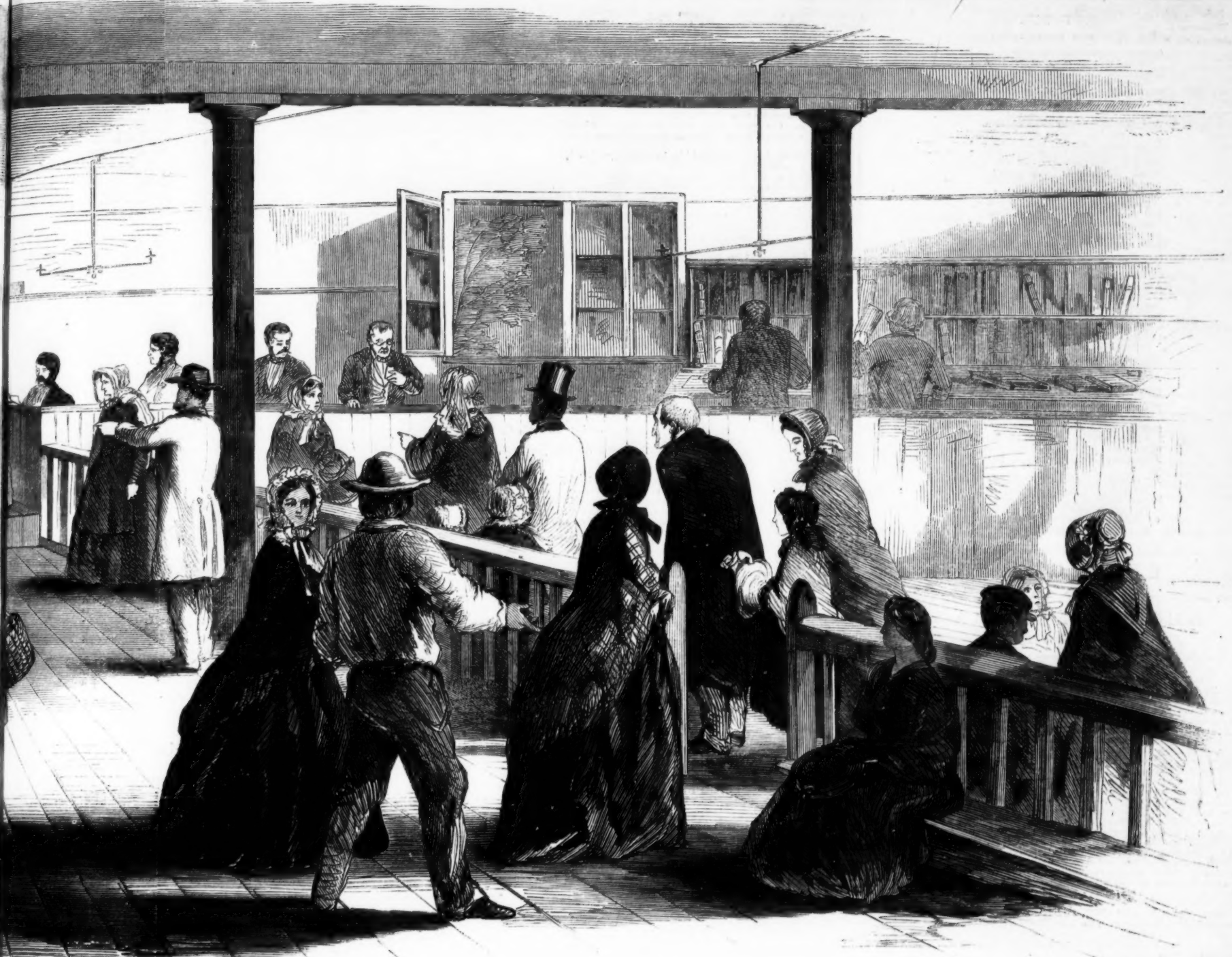


BRIGADIER-GENERAL W. S. ROSENCRANZ, COMMANDING THE FEDERAL ARMY IN WESTERN VIRGINIA. FROM A DAGUERRETYPE IN THE POSSESSION OF HIS FAMILY.

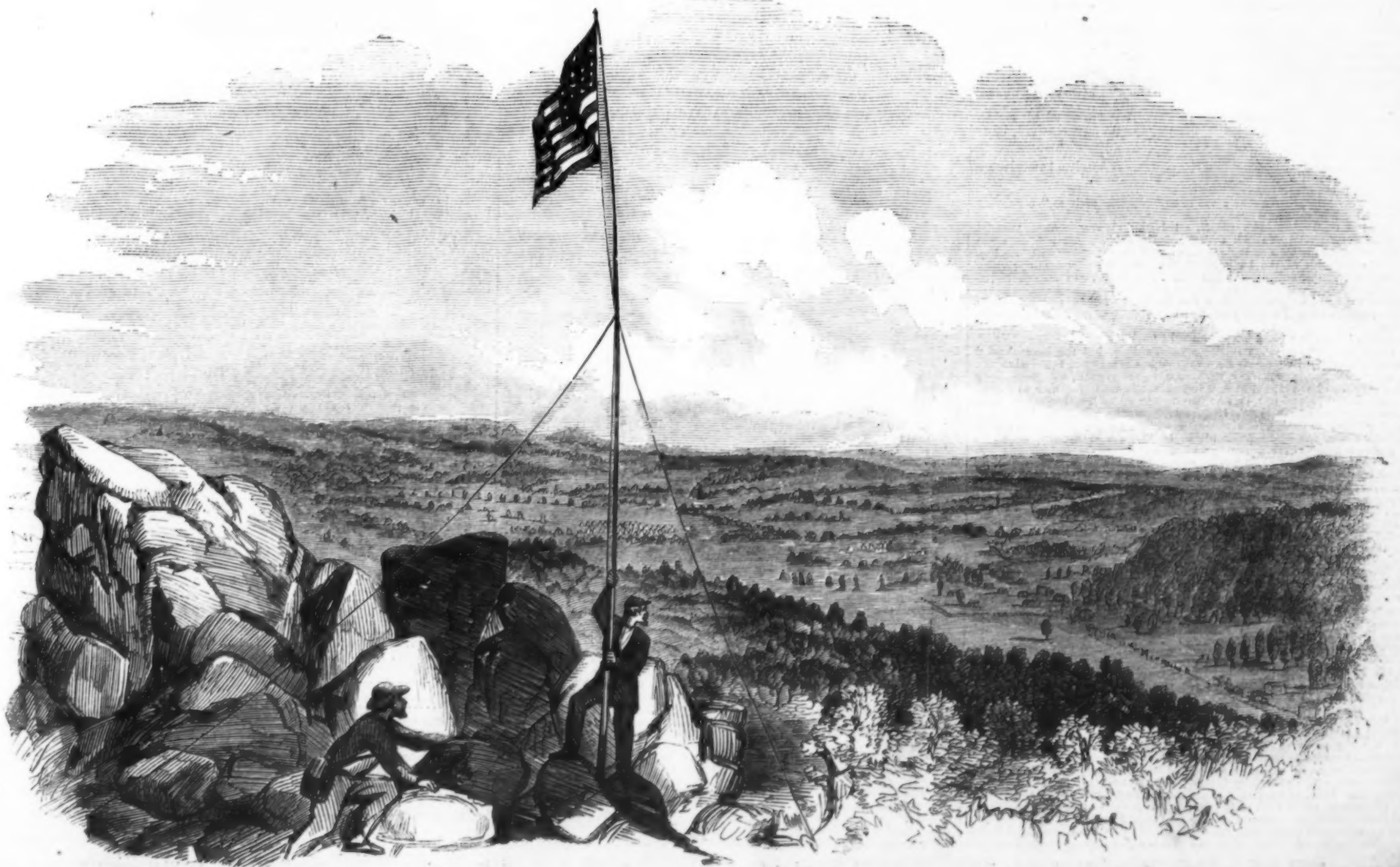


COMMANDER W. D. PORTER, OF THE U. S. NAVY.—FROM A PHOTOGRAPH IN POSSESSION OF HIS FAMILY.





UNTEERS, BY THE UNION DEFENCE COMMITTEE, IN THE ROTUNDA, NEW YORK.—SEE PAGE 262.



THE OFFICERS OF GEN. PRENTISS'S DIVISION PLANTING THE STARS AND STRIPES ON THE SUMMIT OF PILOT KNOB, MISSOURI.—SKETCHED BY OUR SPECIAL ARTIST WITH GEN. FREMONT'S COMMAND.—SEE PAGE 268.



## NOT YET.

By William Callen Bryant.

Our country, marvel of the earth!  
Oh realm to sudden greatness grown!  
The age that glories in thy birth,  
Shall it behold thee overthrown?  
Shall traitors lay that greatness low?  
No, Land of Hope and Blessing, No!

And they who wear thy glorious name,  
Shall we, like cravens, stand apart,  
When those whom thou hast trusted aid  
The deathblow at thy generous heart?  
Forth goes the battle-cry, and lo!  
Hosts rise in harness, shouting No!

And they who founded, in our land,  
The power that rules from sea to sea,  
Bled they in vain, or vainly planned  
To leave their country great and free?  
Their sleeping ashes, from below,  
Send up the thrilling murmur, No!

Knit they the gentle ties which long  
These sister States were proud to wear,  
And forged the kindly links so strong  
For sister hands in sport to tear—  
For scornful hands to dare to throw?  
No, by our fathers' memory, No!

Our humming marts, our iron ways,  
Our wild-tossed woods on mountain-crest,  
The hoarse Atlantic, with his bays,  
The calm, broad Ocean of the West,  
And Mississippi's torrent flow,  
And loud Niagara, answer, No!

Not yet the hour is nigh, when they  
Who deep in Eld's dim twilight sit,  
Earth's ancient kings shall rise and say,  
"Proud country, welcome to the pit!"  
So soon art thou, like us, brought low?  
No, sunken gods of shadows, No!

For now, behold, the arm that gave  
The victory in our fathers' day,  
Strong, as old, to guard and save—  
That mighty arm which none can stay—  
On clouds above and fields below,  
Writes, in men's sight, the answer, No!—N. Y. Ledger.

ERLE GOWER:  
OR, THE  
SECRET MARRIAGE.

By Pierce Egan.

## CHAPTER LXI.

The day had long since dawned, the sun was high, and its beams streamed in the old apartment in long lines of golden dust, lighting with all the objects within it, and making only too plain to Erle's eyes the visage of those by whom he was surrounded.

At first—for an instant only—he imagined the scene upon which now he gazed to be but another phase of his dream, but a repetition of Philip Avon's burst of exulting scornful laughter awakened him to a sense of his position.

He gave a hasty glance around him, and then, with a sudden bound, leaped from the bed, and before his movements could be arrested he dashed into the adjoining apartment, and once within there, stood fiercely at bay.

His sudden springing up and dash at the door was unexpected; it startled the already sleepily affected servants, and with a cry of alarm, they gave back, so that his escape from the room was unimpeded. Not so Philip Avon, for, with a loud shout, he rushed after Erle, and took up a position in the doorway of the adjoining apartment to bar his further progress. The domestics and the two officers, Hamroque and Picker, blundered in after him, and crowded round Erle, but not one volunteering to seize him.

With a somewhat bewildered yet laughing look, Erle regarded them, but without speaking. He was recalling to his mind the circumstances which had led him to the old bed-chamber, and how he had suffered himself to be thus entrapped. Philip Avon, however, broke the silence. With his usual coarseness, he said:

"That is your Tom cat ghost, that is the monkey spectre who has been prowling about in the dead of the night trying the plate-chest and the trinket-cases. Here is your in glib ghost of the bad Baron of Kingswood. Look at him, a common thief and night burglar, a sneaking, pilfering, common thieving rogue."

Erle turned a fierce, flashing glance upon him.

"Coward and bound!" he cried, between his set teeth. "We have yet an account to settle so deep that it is unnecessary for you to add to it."

"Aye, I have an account to settle with you, you understand, whelp!" roared Philip Avon, passionately; "but it is an account you shall liquidate in the horsepond, at the cart's tail, in chains and iron servitude."

Erle waved his hand in scornful contempt, and, turning to the domestics, he said:

"Wherefore is this demonstration? Why am I thus surrounded in a threatening manner? If the reason for my presence here is required, I will answer it to the person alone entitled to demand it, no other."

Philip Avon laughed hoarsely.

"You will answer it to a justice of the peace first, and then to a judge at sessions," he rejoined. "We do not ask you a reason for being here, we know it—robbery is your object."

Erle bit his nether lip hard, and his eyebrows almost touched his cheekbones, but he declined to reply to this outrageous insult. He resolved, however, when the time came, not to forget to exact reparation for it.

Again he addressed the domestics, and said, haughtily:

"Lord Kingswood alone has the right to ask of me wherefore I am now beneath a roof to which I have a claim but second to his own."

Philip Avon laughed insultingly.

"To him alone will I explain the cause of my appearance here," concluded Erle, unbending his taunting laugh.

"A claim to be beneath this roof?" cried Philip Avon, contemptuously.

"You shall have a claim to reach it! Ho! there, boys, a blanket. We will treat him to an outside view of the pinnacles and turrets. We will toss him opposite the windows of the Lady Maud; her ladyship affects our country sports, and she will be delighted to see this fellow's elevated notions in full play."

A scarlet band suddenly appeared on the forehead of Erle, and he turned like a famished lion towards Philip Avon, who, seeming to divine his intention, cried out:

"Seize him! seize him! and hurry him out!"

Mr. Picker advanced instantly to roughly collar Erle, but the latter hurled him to the ground with a tremendous crash, so that he lay upon it half-stunned. As he moved forward impetuously, the servants gave ground, but Philip Avon sprang forward and confronted Erle, who dashed his fist in his face with such force and intention as to leave him with a bloody nose and a swollen eye.

Erle, completely stunned by the blow. Hamroque, however, accustomed to frays, was an old soldier at those kind of struggles, and, therefore, he suffered Erle to attack both Picker and Philip Avon before he made a movement, but at the very moment Erle delivered his last blow, he rushed in behind him and pounced him. The servants instantly, seeing Erle was disarmed, lent their assistance to secure him, and before he was a minute older, or had power to help himself, he underwent the indignity of being handcuffed.

He was then seized by the collar and the wrists by half-a-dozen of the men and hurried violently along the corridors and other passages leading to the principal staircase.

The tramping of feet and the hubbub of excited voices created considerable commotion within the house, and as is usual in such cases, those who were to have commenced the attack were the most active now they were beyond the reach of harm. They used a great deal of unnecessary violence, and but for the extraordinary strength which Erle exhibited, they would probably have thrown him down and trampled upon him with blundering barbarousness.

They were brought, however, abruptly to a standstill by a loud, sonorous and authoritative voice.

It was that of Lord Kingswood.

He was dressed in travelling attire, and had that moment only arrived from London.

At the sound of his voice the hubbub ceased, the footmen fell back, and Erle stood alone and handcuffed, with Mr. Hamroque slightly in the rear, a low, cunning smile of self-approval upon his peculiarly unattractive countenance.

Erle's eye fastened like a glittering star upon Lord Kingswood: he held himself proudly erect.

"Is it by your lordship's desire that I am seized beneath your roof and manacled as a common marauding ruffian?" he asked, loftily.

The domestics, as he spoke, observed the striking resemblance both in features and voice which he bore to Lord Kingswood, and they began to conceive that they had been actively employed in committing a very unfortunate mistake, the consequences of which they were promptly prepared to fling upon any shoulders but their own, and they quietly shuffled yet further back.

"What is the meaning of this extraordinary scene?" exclaimed Lord Kingswood, confusedly, half-paralyzed by the unexpected appearance of Erle, and in such a situation.

There seemed to be a fatality attending his meetings with this youth. They always occurred under circumstances either of extreme annoyance to him, or were calculated in some way to humiliate, if not to terrify him.

Armed with his papers relative to his marriage with Erle, of Kingswood Chase; inwardly convinced that Lady Kingswood could not now obtain any evidence in support of her suspicions respecting Erle's paterfamilias, he formed the sudden determination to visit her at Kingswood Hall, extract—may I demand—from her an explanation of the emotions of repugnance and aversion she had recently displayed towards him; persist in the first story he told her about Erle, and defy her to disprove his statement.

On arriving at Kingswood Hall this was the first incident which met him, and his excitement at this, in the most unforeseen manner, encountering the very object whose relative to himself he had arrived to disavow, may be perhaps better imagined than described.

Before any one could reply to his lordship's question, Erle again almost fiercely demanded if he had given his ructions for him to be seized and treated thus.

Lord Kingswood looked around him bewildered, and said:

"Will no one unravel this mystery?"

Philip Avon at this moment came up, his face deadly pale, his eyes blood-shot, and a lump on his forehead almost as big as an egg. A most murderous expression was upon his countenance, but on perceiving Lord Kingswood he stopped short, and said:

"My lord, there is no mystery; we have secured a thief. Your lordship need not trouble yourself about the matter. Leave me to deal with him. I promise you that he shall never again be the subject of difficulty or annoyance to you."

"Lord Kingswood, I am beneath your roof; will you dare to permit me to be longer subject to this outrage?" exclaimed Erle, in a clear, determined voice.

"Of what are you accused?" inquired his lordship.

"Of robbery, your lordship. May I please your lordship, I am the officer, and he is in my custody," observed Mr. Hamroque.

Erle wrestled with his manacles furiously, and again stretching them forth towards Lord Kingswood, shrieked, rather than said:

"Lord Kingswood, will you permit me to be thus shamefully, infamously outraged? Will you suffer your own name to be thus sullied?"

This was rather an unfortunate remark for Erle to make, because it raised an awkward curiosity as to its real meaning. His eyelids fluttered, and he only said:

"Have peace for a few minutes. I will hear you, do not doubt."

He turned to Philip Avon, and exclaimed:

"Who charges this youth with robbery?"

"I do, my lord," exclaimed Philip Avon, quickly.

"And whom?" cried Erle, passionately, the hot tears of rage and shame forcing their way into his eyelids.

Lord Kingswood bent his eyes steadfastly upon Philip Avon, and said:

"I hope your charge is well founded."

"It is, my lord," he replied, almost defiantly.

"And that you will be able to prove it," subjoined Lord Kingswood.

"I can, my lord," exclaimed Philip, in the same tone.

Another burst of vehement and indignant denial burst from Erle's lips.

"Robbery of what, villain?" he cried, in scornful excitement. "Of your courage and your truth, if ever you possessed the spectre of either virtue?"

Lord Kingswood waved his hand.

"You assert that Mr. Gower has committed a robbery," said his lordship, trying in vain to affect a calmness of manner. It is a very serious and a very grave charge, and should not be lightly made. Of what does the robbery consist?"

"Lord Kingswood, can you conscientiously believe that I could be guilty of such a shameful act?" interposed Erle, with intense excitement, again making a mad effort to twist under the handcuffs. "By your immortal soul, do you believe it? You will not—dare not say that you do!"

"Be silent for the present, Mr. Gower," rejoined Lord Kingswood; "you will find it to your advantage."

"I scorn advantage," exclaimed Erle, foaming at the mouth. "You are sullying my honor and your own by suffering me to remain manacled like a malefactor!"

"I must hear Mr. Avon," returned Lord Kingswood, in a state of painful embarrassment; and turning to him, said, hastily:

"Pray, Philip, be brief and to the point. What robbery has Mr. Gower committed?"

Philip Avon dropped his eyes, but he spoke in the same brusque, defiant tone as before.

"It is a mere petty larceny theft, my lord," he said; "he stole the pistol and some other weapon belonging to one of the men who are employed on your lordship's estate."

"Is he here?" inquired Lord Kingswood, rapidly.

"No, my lord," cried several of the servants together.

"What is his name?" he inquired, in a more stern tone than he had yet used.

"Tubal Kish, and may it please your lordship," said Hamroque, quickly, anxious that his skill, dexterity and knowledge should be appreciated.

A great rage burst from Philip Avon's lips and an exclamation from Lord Kingswood.

He turned to Philip, and said, sharply:

"Is this so?"

"I believe that is the name, my lord," returned Philip Avon, somewhat sulkily, as he feared that the game was going against him.

A shade of displeasure passed over the features of Lord Kingswood, and he said, in an angry tone, to Hamroque:

"What evidence have you?"

"None, an' please your lordship," he replied, with a low bow. "But Tubal Kish will swear to it, and he is a regular hard swearer."

"Silence," cried Lord Kingswood, with grating teeth. "Release him instantly; he ought never to have been thus treated."

"Nor perhaps would he, my lord," subjoined Philip, with a scowl, "but for his own violence."

"It is not in the blood of a Kingswood," cried Erle, dashing the handcuffs to the floor as the officer, at the bidding of Lord Kingswood, released him, "to submit patiently to outrages from those beneath them in honor and honesty."

Lord Kingswood started as Philip Avon was about to make a rejoinder, and tried to stay him, but Philip would speak.

"My lord," he cried, "I must speak and I will be heard, ay, and by your lordship, too."

"Follow me to my library," said Lord Kingswood, hurriedly, "and—"

"No, my lord, with all respect, I must promptly decline to do so," exclaimed Philip. "Your lordship understands in what relation I stand to you, and how much in manner that relationship is likely to be drawn. I may, therefore, after what has passed, call upon you publicly to disown this fellow or me."

"You speak to me in riddles," cried his lordship, excitedly. I am quite ready to listen to all you may wish to say to me, but it must be within my own chambers. Follow me!"

Lord Kingswood hurried away as he concluded, and Philip Avon pointed to the direction he had taken in an authoritative kind of way, which the servants slowly, and with evident reluctance, obeyed; Erle, however, for a moment hesitated, but for the sake of preventing an uneasy disturbance which might reach the ears of Lady Maud and distress her, he too followed to the library, and entered it, taking precedence of Philip Avon, which the latter acknowledged with a sharply bitten lip.

Lord Kingswood, on finding that he was followed by the group, from which he had attempted to escape, peremptorily ordered the domestics and the officer to remain without the library. Philip Avon would again have interposed, but Lord Kingswood and Philip Avon were therefore left alone together.

"Now that we are alone," exclaimed Lord Kingswood, again trying to assume a calmness he was far from feeling, "I will listen, I will, to what you have to say, and I shall be glad if you will drop all metaphor."

"Metaphor, my lord!" cried Philip Avon; "I fancied I spoke out plainly and bluntly enough."

"When you speak of my disowning Mr. Gower you speak to me in riddles," said Lord Kingswood, with some stiffness of manner.

"Oh, if that is your lordship's meaning, you shall have no reason to complain of the clearness of mine," rejoined Philip. "Firstly, then, it is not long since your lordship introduced this fellow—"

"Butler, my employer's coarse epithet," interposed Erle, disdainfully.

"It is not exactly the word," suggested Lord Kingswood.

"Shall I say your left-handed son, my lord?" Philip cried, with a bitter sneer.

But that Lord Kingswood rose up with a fearful burst of anger, Erle would have sprung forward and felled Philip to the ground. The latter, however, by Lord Kingswood's passionate and indignant exclamations, found he had committed himself, and he drowned Lord Kingswood's last words by almost shouting:

"I apologise, my lord—I apologise to you, my lord—I apologise to you."

Lord Kingswood sat down again, white and silent, and Philip Avon proceeded, himself pallid, and his lips parched and quivering with excitement. His tortuous glances betrayed to him the conflict of emotions his unconsidered taunt had raised in the breast of Lord Kingswood, and he saw the necessity, for his own success with him, to be more guarded in his observations.

His hatred of Erle was so intense that he nevertheless found it a task of no small difficulty to speak of him in any but insulting terms.

"I met beneath the roof," he went on to say, "you individual. It was your lordship's introduction. I conceived an antipathy to him. It was instinctive, and my instincts have always proved correct. Your lordship is aware that I have long entertained a passion for Lady Maud St. Clair, and that I have a dressed my suit to her under your lordship's sanction. I quickly saw that he dared to raise his eyes in that direction—"

"Preposterous! Incredible!" ejaculated Lord Kingswood, with an angry and astounded look at Erle.

The latter, however, moved not. His face, pale, was yet calm and even rigid in its haughty, proud, defiant expression, and his eye, glowering and fixed, settled on Philip Avon's countenance a stern, unwavering gaze.

"Preposterous and even incredible as it may appear to one with a grain of sense or even decency," continued Philip, speaking rapidly and hoarsely, "he has had the audacity to attempt to ensure the affections of the poor, weak girl, and by some strange, mysterious cozening has, I am afraid, to some extent succeeded in his attempts in his favor, hence the collision between us, in which he took an unequal advantage—"

"A mean, paltry, lying subterfuge for a want of skill and courage," interposed Erle.

Lord Kingswood made no remark, but he raised his elbow on the table and covered his face with his hand.

"Well, my lord," continued Philip, unheeding Erle's remark, "you are aware that after that event your protégé bolted hence, and you supposed, I have no doubt, as I did, that nothing more would be heard of him. Perhaps, had Lady Maud St. Clair remained in London, nothing more would have been heard of him down here, but Lady Maud has come down to Kingswood before you; you see the result. Let me explain to your lordship that, previous to the visit of this questionable person to Kingswood, the Spectre of the House of Kingswood, said to restlessly haunt the Chase, had for years been indulging in the very calmest repose, but no sooner had your new guest made his appearance, than the spectre, much troubled in his phantom mind, reappeared in the Chase, to the great alarm of the bats and owls, as well as a peacher located in the vicinity. Your guest abruptly disappears, and the spectre vanishes also. But suddenly the spectre is seen again, and as Lady Maud had re-appeared at Kingswood Hall, I guessed the double of the spectre could not be far off. I do not place any faith in the existence of apparitions. I therefore searched for the flesh, and found it in the person of your lordship's protégé there, not where I expected to find him, but comfortably sleeping in an old chamber in the ancient portion of the Hall, whither he had, no doubt, betaken himself to enjoy the luxury of gazing on the portrait of the ancestral Lady Maud. I had some difficulty to unkenel him, but once on his track, I fairly run him to earth. Now, Lord Kingswood, I must understand before we part whether it is your intention to continue to regard me as the future husband of Lady Maud, and therefore disavow—"

Lord Kingswood rose up.

"Philip," he said, in a stern and somewhat determined tone, "your surmises and your suspicions are wholly unfounded and incorrect, of that I am assured. You may have Mr. Gower in my hands and be quite at rest with respect to any fancied—mad—design you may suppose him to entertain with regard to Lady Maud—"

"Your pardon, Lord Kingswood; I cannot leave him to you, nor while he is here can I be at rest. I intend to give him into the custody of Hamroque and take him before a justice of the peace on a charge of theft, which shall be substantiated."

"He will be in my charge," exclaimed Lord Kingswood, with a frown. "I will be responsible for his appearance. I cannot prolong this interview, I am not well—"

"My lord, whatever may be your presumptions with respect to this Gower, mine are no less strong," exclaimed Philip Avon, doggedly. "I do not intend to give him a chance of having an interview with Lady Maud."

"You appear to be laboring under a frantic delusion," interrupted Lord Kingswood, hastily.

Philip Avon smiled grimly and shook his head.

"If you persist in remaining unassailed, I cannot help it," continued Lord Kingswood; "but if it will be a satisfaction to you, I will take care, that while in Kingswood Hall, Mr. Gower shall be placed in an apartment from which he cannot depart but with my sanction. In the eastern wing of the building there is a tower, within it a chamber of extraordinary strength, he shall be placed therein, and I myself will keep the key and alone visit him, until he is, under my direction, placed in a position which cannot possibly give you further discomfort."

Philip Avon, however, required much further persuasion, and eventually reluctantly acceded to Lord Kingswood's plan—a plan the latter had formed because he wished to have that interview with Erle, in which he hoped to persuade him to fall in with Sir Harris Stanhope's design—the proposition of which he did not believe he would reject.

Erle determined to remain at Kingswood Hall, offered no opposition to Lord Kingswood's arrangement, and assuming a lofty, dignified air, suffered himself to be escorted by Lord Kingswood, Philip Avon, the officer, and some of the domestics, to the tower in the eastern wing.

Philip Avon was defeated in the hope that Lady Maud would appear, drawn by curiosity to the scene, and was obliged to content himself with seeing Erle locked within the solitary ancient chamber, and the key safely in Lord Kingswood's possession.

Lord Kingswood dismissed him in brief terms, promising to grant him an interview on the day following. Philip retired with an unsatisfactory sense of defeat, which he did not care to acknowledge to himself. Lord Kingswood betook himself to his private apartments, harassed and troubled by the new source of vexation he had had to encounter; and Erle was left alone in the dull and solitary tower to commune with his thoughts, such as they were.

(To be continued.)

## EXAMINING PASSES AT WASHINGTON.

THE human race—not even excepting the military class—is notoriously fonder of following its inclinations than its duties; and when the inactivity of an army becomes monotonous, every regiment has always a floating proportion willing to escape for a brief interval on any pretence. Our Artist in Washington has sent us a significant sketch, in which a gallant volunteer wishes to take a short furlough, in order to show his fiancée the wonders of our capital city. The Provost Marshal, or his representative, is scrutinizing the document with considerable interest, as though he had some latent doubts of its genuineness. This scene is of frequent occurrence, and is indeed so common as to cause little or no attention, except from a few of the "juvenile contrabands," whose life is a succession of unasked visits to spots where they are not wanted. As an interesting proof of what singular "habits and customs" a rebellion engenders, we give the accompanying sketch.

## BILLIARDS.

Edited by Michael Phelan.

TO CORRESPONDENTS.—All questions sent to Mr. Phelan in reference to the rules of the game of billiards will in future be answered in this column. It would be too much labor to send written answers to so many correspondents.

MR. PHELAN'S REMARKABLE SHOTS, REPORTS OF BILLIARD MATCHES, OR ITEMS OF INTEREST CONCERNING THE GAME, ADDRESSED TO THE EDITOR OF THIS COLUMN, WILL BE THANKFULLY RECEIVED AND PUBLISHED.

## ANSWERS TO CORRESPONDENTS.

P. M. C., Boston.—M. Berger and Mr. Phelan have played the American game, on an American pocket table, twice, and M. Berger and Mr. White played the same game the same number of times. The result was that Messrs. Phelan and White were the winners of all three games. On the same occasion, M. Berger and Mr. Phelan played the French game on an American table, Mr. Phelan winning. It was agreed upon that Messrs. Berger and Phelan should play the American game at the next well-known exhibition which M. Berger designed giving, but which he was prevented from doing by being suddenly summoned to return to France.

## THE WORLD OF BILLIARDS.

BILLIARDS IN THE CITY.—There are some slight signs of billiard revival in this city, and the return of those who have been rusticated at the springs or watering-places will soon give increased business to the favorite place of billiard resort.

A complimentary entertainment was given to Mr. Joseph N. White, on the evening of Monday, 26th August. It was well attended, and the spectators expressed themselves well satisfied with the exhibition of skill on the occasion. The entertainment commenced with a game of 25 points around the table, between Messrs. Kavanagh and White, which was won by the former gentleman. The next game was for the same number of points, between Messrs. White and Phelan, which was won by Mr. Phelan. A game of 500 points around the table was played by Messrs. Phelan and Kavanagh, which was won by the latter gentleman.

THE TOURNAMENTS.—The time allowed for contending for the privilege of engaging in the Amateur Tournament, when the makers of the four highest runs are to contend for the prize table offered by Messrs. Phelan & Colander is, as is known, the 26th inst. It is scarcely probable that the runs now on the score will be beaten, and the four players who rank highest at present will doubtless be the contending parties. Immediately after the expiration of the time, the four players will have to arrange among themselves the game they are to play at, and the other preliminaries. The table awaits the fortunate winner.

With regard to the Professional Tournament, it has been already announced that in consequence of the distance of the times, and at the wish of the principal players, it has been postponed for the present. It will come off when the times admit of it, and the players are ready.

## BASE-BALL.

HORNELSVILLE, N. Y., Aug. 24th, 1861.

The return game between the first ones of the Meteor Club, Addison, and Canadea Club, Hornelsville, was played on the grounds of the latter in this village, on the 24th inst. We have ten organized clubs in the county, and this was a contest for the championship of Old Steuben. The first game resulted in favor of the Meteor. The following is the score of the second game:

METEOR.			CANADEA.		
	H. I.	R.		H. I.	R.
Griswold, p.	3	2	Coburn, c.	1	6
F. Hurdick, c.	2	2	Curry, c. f.	2	5
Wheatball, 1st b.	2	3	M'Veo, 2d b.	2	5
Graham, 2d b.	2	3	Smith, 3d b.	2	3
Curtis, 3d b.	3	4	B. rham, l. f.	1	5
Smith, ss.	2	4	Hofstadter, p.	4	2
Odell, l. f.	4	3	Glasner, r. f.	5	1
J. Hurdick, c. f.	2	6	Brown, s. s.	3	1
McKay, r. f.	3	2	Hunt, 1st f.	5	1
Total.	27	27	Total.	27	29

Umpire—Geo. W. Carr, of the Tuscarora Club.

Scorer for Meteor Club, Henry Jones, Esq.; scorer for Canadea, N. P. T. Finch, Esq.

About 1,500 were present as spectators. The third and decisive game is to be played on the 28th of next month, on the grounds of the Meteor.

At Edinburgh a wire has been stretched between the Castle and the Calton Hill, 4.5.0 feet long, which fires a gun at the Castle daily at one o'clock. The objection to firing a gun at the observatory at Calton Hill was that it would derange the instruments there. Accordingly a wire was stretched clear across the city without a rest. The electric current passing on it carries a clock at the Castle which at one o'clock drops a weight that discharges the gun.



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